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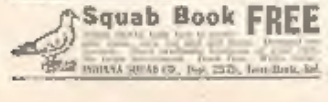

Wm. Hohenzollern

Lock Box 1, Berlin

DEAR WILHELM:

On the day I write this the President is going to ask Congress to vote that you and my folks are at war.

I see by the papers that some of your employees do not take this very seriously, Wilhelm. So I think I ought to write you, and tell you exactly what it means.

It means—I say it without rancor, Wilhelm, and purely as a matter of giving you the customary notice—it means that your services as King will no longer be required.

So far as we are concerned, you might as well begin right now to clean out your desk. When our government writes to Berlin next time, the envelop may go to the same address, but it will bear a different name.

We have come to this conclusion solemnly, Wilhelm. No nation ever went into war with as little flag-waving and cheering as we are going into this one. We are not fighting for revenge, nor for territory, nor to get our "place in the sun." *We are going to war to win peace for the world—for this generation and all generations to come.*

We have made up our minds, very solemnly, that permanent peace must rest on certain fixed foundations. That is the reason we can not make a permanent peace with you, Wilhelm.

For the first of these foundations is Truth.

I am not going to chide you with the "scrap of paper" incident; nor remind you of all the shifty, halting explanations you made when our boats were sunk. Zimmermann's last effort is enough to remember. *On the very day when he was telling us how friendly you were to us, he was promising to help Mexico take our Southwest away and Japan our Pacific Coast.*

Your people we are willing to trust, Wilhelm; but we have had enough of your employees. The new world peace must be written on a whole sheet of paper, not a scrap.

And the second foundation of the new world peace, Wilhelm, is Democracy.

Kings may have been all right for the little one-cylinder States of the Middle Ages. But there will never be a succession of men strong enough and wise enough, Wilhelm, to drive the big twin-six modern State.

You may point to your splendid ancestor, Frederick the Great; and I admit his ability. But who came after him, Wilhelm? Do you remember? *Frederick William the Fat.*

Charlemagne was pretty successful at kinging; but a few years after Charlemagne whom do we see? *Charles the Simple!*

Even granting that you have governed your people more wisely than they could govern themselves—look at your oldest boy, Wilhelm. And, honestly, just between ourselves, hasn't the king business pretty well run out?

As long as Russia was ruled by a Czar, I didn't mind you so much. There didn't seem any real hope for universal peace, anyhow.

But the world is going democratic, Wilhelm; and, for the first time in history, universal peace seems possible. *For if history teaches any lesson at all, it is this—that it is tremendously difficult to get democracies into war.*

When the smoke of war has cleared away, and you are farming quietly somewhere, Wilhelm, you will begin to see things more clearly. You will begin to understand that what is to blame for your loss of your job is, after all, *nothing less than the Christian religion itself.*

Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ went about telling men that they were children of God.

If that is true,—if all men are children of God,—then all men are the equals of their kings.

And now, after nineteen hundred years, Wilhelm, *all* men are about to find that great truth out.

Bruce Barton, Editor.

$600 to $3120 Rewards!

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Starting at zero, the Butter-Kist Pop Corn machine and merchandising plan have in four short years become the great driving force in modern retail business throughout America.

They have made a little waste space 26 by 32 inches pay net profits ranging from $600 to $3,120 per year *and more!*

They have lifted the pop corn business out of the street and put it into high class Drug Stores, Confectionery, Department, Variety, Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores, Motion Picture Theatres, Lunch Rooms, Cigar Stores, Hotels, etc.

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Department Store, Chicago, $80 to $100 *NET* per week from 2 machines.
Restaurant, Columbus, O. (population 181,548), $2,120.05 in 1 year.
Store, Spokane, Wash. (population 104,402), $1,241.14 *NET* in 3 months.
Druggist, St. Joseph, Mo. (population 77,403), monthly average $100 *NET*.
Cigar Store, Frankfort, Ind. (population 9,760), $2 to $15 daily.
Druggist, Culpeper, Va. (population 1,795), $150 net in 2 months.
Confectioner, Marfa, Texas (population 494), sales $152.16 in 6 days.

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Painted for Every Week by W. R. Leigh.

THE PONY EXPRESS

THE "pony boys" were the hardiest of the frontiersmen. Armed only with a revolver and a knife, they broke all records in the history of despatch-bearing. On a thousand-dollar wager one rode 800 miles in less than six days, falling in a faint from his saddle at the end. "Pony Bob" Haslam carried the news of Lincoln's election 120 miles in eight hours; and it never occurred to him to abandon the trip simply because an Indian happened to shoot him in the jaw with a flint-head arrow. Buffalo Bill, the most picturesque of all these men, lived to be seventy-one, but he faced death almost every day from the time he killed his first Indian at the age of fourteen. Once, carrying a very precious despatch concealed in an inner belt, he was stopped by two hold-up men. As one stooped to pick up the pouches he flung at them, Buffalo Bill shot the other, and, before his companion could straighten, spurred his horse on.

Each rider received $125 a month, and was under contract not to gamble, drink, or even swear.

There are few traces to-day of the West they knew. We ride in upholstered luxury across the trails where they risked their lives. But we have not forgotten them: they are a picturesque and honorable group in the conquering of America. They left behind them a fine heritage of courage and high spirit. It was their sons who charged up San Juan Hill; and their grandsons will be in the fore-front of the battle to-day. All honor to them—the eternal heroes of boyhood, the boys of the Pony Express.

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Every Week

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THE WRATH OF ELIHU

By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

Illustrations by Howard E. Smith

AT half-past ten Elihu Hundreth rose from his arm-chair before the blazing logs, stepped out into the sharp October night, and lifted a weather-wise eye to the star-spangled firmament. He then gazed for a moment across the dark fields to the village a mile away, where a few lighted windows still punctured the night.

"If Maisie isn't here in fifteen minutes," he announced to his wife, on returning to the room, "I'll walk down to the church and get her."

"I wouldn't humiliate her that way—a girl of twenty," demurred Mrs. Hundreth. "The Epworth League sociables often hold us late as this."

He vouchsafed no reply, but his clean-shaven, furrowed upper lip set obstinately. He was a handsome man in a rude, Mosaic way, with prominent eyes, large but shapely ears, and a sandy mane touched back from a commanding brow. Everybody respected him, many feared him, and a few loved him.

At five minutes before eleven an automobile sputtered outside. A quick step struck the porch, and a moment later a tall, stalwart girl, with her frost-kissed face framed in a mass of wind-blown copper hair, strode into the room. A momentary silence followed.

"Who brought you home?" her father asked bluntly.

"Jeffrey Bonebrake," she answered in a resonant, full-throated voice.

"You came straight from the church?"

"No. We ran out to Moody's mill and back."

The eyes of father and daughter met like flint sticking against flint, and no more was said.

The next morning Hundreth walked over to the village, and entered Jeffrey Bonebrake's new, double-fronted brick building—Millvalgeville's first "department" store. A dark-haired, well-set-up clerk, neatly attired, advanced to meet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Hundreth," said Bonebrake. "What can I do for you?"

Hundreth ignored the salutation.

"I don't want you to come to see my girl any more," he announced, "or to bring her home from places. You're not her kind. You don't belong to church; you smoke cigars, and I'm told you drink beer. I won't have my girl associating with such a man."

Bonebrake flushed through his olive skin. But evidently he was not unprepared for the assault, for he replied:

"Mr. Hundreth, Maisie has promised to marry me. If you think you can come between us and spoil our happiness, you don't know either her or me."

It was a tenet of Hundreth's religion never to lose his temper. So, for a moment, without a change of expression, he eyed the stripling before him, as if de-signating a further test of his mettle. Then he swung about and left the store.

HE found Maisie in the kitchen with her mother, her plump white arms bare to the elbow, her floury hands kneading a lump of yellow cooky dough. She was a happy girl, fond of singing at her work; but now her face was sober, her eyes downcast, and her full scarlet lips were close set, for Jeffrey had just telephoned the import of their interview to her.

"Maisie," he asked abruptly, "is it true that you are engaged to Jeffrey Bonebrake?"

"I suppose so," she answered, with a slight flush. "I told him I would marry him—sometime."

"What did you mean by sometime?"

She rolled the dough before answering.

"Why, when it would be pleasanter for him to come into our family—when you knew him better."

"I know him well enough now," declared her father. "He's a flighty business man, to say nothing else. Your future happiness is at stake, and it's my business to safeguard it. Listen, my girl, and mark me well. You will never marry Jeffrey Bonebrake with my consent. And if you marry him without it you will cease to be my daughter. I shall treat you as a stranger, and cut off your inheritance."

Maisie made no reply, and her father passed out to the huge gambrel-roofed red barn, which, crowning the rim of the valley, was visible for miles about,—a symbol of the wealth and power of its owner.

In the kitchen there was silence for an interval; then Maisie laughed—a hard, wicked little laugh.

"I wonder if God himself is as sure of his infallibility as father is of his!"

"Hush, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Hundreth, lifting her apron to her eyes.

The girl's handsome face softened, and, crossing the room, she put her arms around her mother. She was tall enough to tuck the latter's head under her chin, and, holding her thus, she murmured affectionately:

"Whatever happens, mummy dear, you and I will always love each other!"

THE carriage-shed at Valley View was amply stocked with vehicles, including an automobile. But Maisie, like her father, preferred to walk to the village in good weather. Late one November afternoon, at mail-time, she set off as usual, wearing a scarlet coat trimmed with fur, a black velvet hat tilted at a saucy angle over her brassy coils of hair, and high-topped tan boots that just met her skirt.

As she passed down the lane, leaning slightly against the high west wind, she made a pretty picture. Her father, standing midway between house and barn, nursed it in his fond eyes. He loved her splendid body, her bounding health; he loved her practicality, her perfect sanity. So, standing there, he felt a renewed assurance that these qualities would save her from what he deemed a misalliance.

Alas! When Naomi called him to supper, and he spoke of Maisie's absence, she said quietly, but with a white face:

"She'll not be back, Elihu. By this time she is Jeffrey Bonebrake's wife."

Hundreth's great hairy hand made two passes for the back of his chair before finding it, and a witless expression overspread his face.

"You knew it when she went?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you did nothing?"

"What was there to do?" she asked, quivering with anguish. "It was bad enough for her to be married there at the parsonage, with only the local witnesses present—as if she hadn't a home or a blood tie in the world. Would you have forced her to run away at night, like some poor scullion who chooses the dark to hide her shame?"

"No," said he heavily; "you couldn't have stopped her. She's the kind that can't be stopped. Well, she has made her bed. Now she'll have to lie upon it."

"And you've made yours," she retorted sharply; "and a hard one you'll find it, I predict. She doesn't expect to be forgiven. She knows that you, for all your belief in Christ, never forgave any one who thwarted you. I've lived with you twenty-five years. I've seen you break men as piously as if you were executing the will of God—as doubtless you thought you were. I saw that you'd break me unless I surrendered my will to yours. I don't regret it; I haven't been unhappy. You demanded much, and you have given much. But I warn you, Elihu, that you've at last met your match. You love her as you love nothing else in this world, and through your love she'll break you."

Elihu closed his eyes as if to shut some horror from his sight.

"This is the cruelest wound life could deal me!" he cried out in agony. "But, with God's help, I shall bear it like a man. And may God have pity on her, too; for Bonebrake will bring her to sorrow."

"Why don't you have pity on her?" demanded Naomi remorselessly.

"I do," he answered in a voice hoarse with grief. "But I passed my word. I can not—I will not—compromise with wrong. I fathered her—I dandled her on my knees—I sat out the nights by her little crib when she was sick—taught her to love truth and purity. And now she has flung me aside for a pretty boy. Like a viper that a man has warmed back to life in his bosom, she has stung me."

"Oh, father, take back those cruel words!" cried the woman.

"Cruel but true!" he pronounced sternly. "And now, mother, once for all, let us have an understanding. You as well as I will suffer. Ameliorate your sufferings as you will. Go to see the girl when you please. But, remember, she is never to enter my house again. I wish never to hear you speak her name again. I shall try to forget her. For me there is no other way out."

The young couple lived over the store all winter, but in the spring began to build a nest. Joff could hardly afford it. The twenty-five thousand dollars he had inherited from his mother had been speedily absorbed by his store.

"I am so happy, mother!" Maisie confided one day, as the two stood in what was to be the kitchen of the new home. Already the promise of maternity was manifest in a tender, spiritual beauty. Then she added, with quick tears: "But I mourn for my lost father!"

HER father, meanwhile, had been dealing out retribution as he conceived it. He had informed the official board of the Methodist church that as long as the Rev. Lloyd Merton, who had married Jeffrey and Maisie, was retained as pastor, he would not contribute a dollar to the church. He had also warned the cashier at the bank, in which he held a controlling interest, to keep a sharp eye on Jeffrey Bonebrake's line of credit.

He had, of course, cut off all purchases at Jeffrey's store. In addition, a month after Maisie's marriage he bought an interest in Cleghorn Brothers' store, Jeffrey's only real competitor; and he gave his large clientele to understand that their patronage would be esteemed. As a result, in the next half year the Cleghorns did a record-breaking business.

There was another result. One soft, warm night in early June, a figure came slowly and doubtfully up the walk to the spacious veranda on which Mr. and Mrs. Hundreth sat. The hall light revealed the face of Jeffrey Bonebrake.

"Go in the house, Naomi," commanded Hundreth, and advanced to the steps.

Bonebrake halted at the foot of the steps, removing his straw hat and mopping his brow.

"Mr. Hundreth," he began, in a voice which nervousness pitched above its natural key, "I suppose you're surprised to see me. You will probably be still more surprised when you hear what I've come for."

He paused, and again passed the handkerchief across his face.

"Mr. Hundreth, I'm on the brink of ruin. I can't borrow any money at the bank. Yet a thousand dollars would tide me over this crisis."

Hundreth stood in statuesque silence.

"I have come to ask you for that amount," continued Bonebrake. "I don't ask it for myself alone. You may not know it, but Maisie is soon to be a mother. I've been afraid to tell her of my troubles, for fear the shock might have a bad effect. Of course, my bankruptcy would have a worse one. I thought this fact might influence you. I might be able to mortgage my little farm for the amount if I found the right person. But it would take time, and I need the money at once—in two or three days at the outside."

His pleading voice trailed into silence.

"Is that all you have to say?" asked Hundreth coldly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then consider the interview at an end. You can't have a dollar of mine. Don't come again."

He returned to his chair. The young man stood motionless for a moment, his hat pressed against his breast, his face showing pale beneath his wavy black hair. Then he took a quick step forward and hurled a torrent of furious, cauterizing curses at his enemy, after which he turned and disappeared in the dark. Mrs. Hundreth noiselessly appeared in the doorway.

EVERY writer has his own particular manner of work. Some write only when the spirit moves them; others, like successful men in any other business, go to their libraries or offices at a fixed hour every day and set themselves deliberately to work. Elmore Elliott Peake is of the latter class. Only a few stories a year come out of his study at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. We are very glad to have so large a percentage of his entire output for this magazine. Another story of his, "The House of Habitual," is to follow shortly.

"What did he want, Elihu?" she asked quietly.

"Money."

She turned a moment in silence, and then sorrowfully retired.

Hundreth sat in his chair until midnight. Could Jeffrey Bonebrake, taxing on a sleepless bed, have known what his foe was suffering, it might have lulled somewhat the hurricane of hate that raged in his breast.

At the last stroke of twelve from the sitting-room clock died away, Hundreth rose stiffly, as if cramped by his long vigil, locked the door, ascended the stairs heavily, with one hand on the rail, and snapped off the light below by means of a switch-key in the upper hall. Then, instead of proceeding to the room that he and Naomi had occupied for a quarter of a century, he walked softly down the passage to another room—Maisie's.

"Once her mother said: 'I had a notion to fetch along a bushel of potatoes.' 'It's just as well you didn't, mother,' answered Maisie quickly."

HE had not entered it since her flight. He stood in the dark a moment, and then flashed on the light. He started at the sight.

Maisie might have left the room only an hour before. With a ruthless pride which perfectly matched her father's, she had taken with her nothing that his money had bought. Even the clothes she had worn away had been sent back, and now lay across the foot of the bed. Her perfumes and powders, silver toilet set, lotions and creams—all the things she loved to groom her body with—were scattered over the big mahogany dresser, together with a handkerchief and a single deserted pink rose. Her silver-mounted ebony jewel-case stood open, half filled with rings, brooches, and necklaces.

On her desk, amid a litter of papers, lay a wrist-watch—stripped off and tossed there, it looked, as an after-thought. One of the pillows on the bed still bore the imprint of her head, as if she had flung herself down to ease her heart with tears before taking the last irretrievable step.

Hundreth realized that the disorder of the room, preserved for eight months by his wife, was a memorial, like the toys of a dead babe left to gather dust upon a nursery floor. For a moment his great frame shook as with a chill. But with set teeth and clenched hands he conquered the weakness, as he regarded it, turned off the light, and gently closed the door, as people leave a death-chamber.

NEXT day the carpenters employed on the Bonebrake cottage boarded up the doors and windows, packed their kits, and left. Thus it happened that on August first little Jeffrey Hundreth Bonebrake was born in one of the hot rooms above the store. But a sturdier youngster or a pluckier mother old "Doc" Matteon vowed he had never seen—reserving his opinion of the grandfather until he reached McQueen's drug-store, where no ladies were present.

Maisie had borne the revelation of her husband's threatened bankruptcy with a fortitude that he might have foreseen.

She had not branded Jeffrey's trouble to her mother; but when her baby was three days old, while she was still pale and content to lie very still in bed, Mrs. Hundreth spoke sorrowfully and apologetically of Jeffrey's errand at Valley View.

"Yes," sighed Maisie. "If he had confided in me I could have saved him that humiliation. I would have told him that he could more easily melt granite than father's heart."

An expression came over her face which her mother had detected, with sweet dread, as long ago as when Maisie was a tot of four—an expression which neither grave nor asked for quarter. But quickly, with a glance at the basket which Jeffrey had enameled with white and she had lined with softest flannel, the girl's eyes melted, and she added:

"Nothing matters much, mother, as long as Jeffrey loves me. If he should feel me, I should quietly lie down and die."

"How about me?" asked Mrs. Hundreth playfully, but with a spark of maternal jealousy.

"Mothers never fail," murmured Maisie, extending her white arm across the counterpane to take the other's hand.

Three weeks later Maisie took a clerk's place in the store, to reduce expenses. Jeffrey had succeeded in holding his creditors at bay until he could mortgage his farm. It was, however, but a brief respite that he gained. In October the doors of the store were closed; and one day, after the sheriff's sale and all the other dismal legal processes were over, Jeffrey, with his wife, son, and a scanty wagon-load of furniture, set off for his farm, five miles away.

As they came opposite Valley View a squall of sugar-snow struck them. The hard little pellets buffeted their cheeks and sprinkled the sear roadside grass with a hissing sound. Elihu Hundreth's drab-brick homestead seemed warmly veiled by a network of leafless limbs and twigs; and the great barn and its brood of out-buildings—all smartly painted and without a loose board or a broken pane—looked snug and weather-tight.

"Have you any regrets, Maisie?" asked Jeff soberly.

"None, sweetheart, with God as my witness!" she exclaimed passionately. "But, Jeff dear, we mustn't hate him, though we have the right to. Hate is a poison that in time kills the hater."

"I'm trying not to," he answered, with a convulsive swallow.

JEFFREY'S sixty-acre hilltop farm was scarcely more than a sheep pasture, with gray, weather-beaten, staggering buildings. Yet here, with youth and love as partners, the two started life anew.

When Jeffrey Bonebrake, the former, came to town in the two-horse wagon that was his only vehicle, he was scarcely recognizable as the former dapper merchant.

He seemed cheerful enough; yet he looked older and almost haggard. He began to stoop a little. He made his round between stores, post-office, and blacksmith shop with a kind of feverish haste.

"D'you know what I'd do if I was Jeff?" remarked old Flav Sebbon one day, as Jeffrey's wagon rumbled past. "I'd git me a shot-gun, load it with buckshot, walk over to Valley View, and blow that ps'am-singin' old hypocrite that ruint me into kingdom come."

The bystanders laughed. Yet Flav had voiced the community feeling. Hundreth passed a good many backs when he walked along the street. In December he was dropped from the board of the Methodist church for absenting himself from worship and refusing to contribute of his means. At the spring election he was defeated for supervisor in Liberty township—an office he had held for thirty years. That same night some miscreant cut a wire fence on Valley View farm and drove a herd of cattle into a field of young wheat. A week later a spring in one of the outlying pastures was dynamited.

These rebukes made Elihu's pride bleed. But he suffered them stoically, as the disciples of life; uttered no complaint, even to Naomi; threatened no vengeance. Yet he was human. His mouth took on an habitual set; he seldom laughed.

During the winter, whenever the roads permitted, Mrs. Hundreth visited Maisie weekly, carrying tidbits in the way of pastries and preserves, but avoiding anything substantial enough to smack of largess.

Once, to try Maisie out, she said:

"I had a notion to, fetch along a bushel of potatoes—they are so white and mealy for baking."

"It's just as well you didn't, mother," answered Maisie quickly.

THANKS to a near-by settlement of Dunkers,—the prosperous American farmers seemed such petty thrift.—Milledgeville enjoyed a street market every Saturday in the growing season. Hundreth had not seen his daughter since the birth of her baby, when, one morning, passing the dozen or so vehicles backed up to the curb at the market, he stopped as suddenly as if turned to stone.

At the end gate of a dilapidated demo-crat-wagon stood Maisie. In the wagon, on a white cloth, were neat bunches of onions, radishes, rhubarb, and lettuce, half a dozen dressed chickens, jars of butter, and a basket of eggs. At the other end, with a zone of safety between him and the truck, sat a cooing baby.

Maisie wore a checked gingham dress and a boy's straw hat without band or ornament. The five-cent hat rode her burnished hair like a cockerel on a broiler.

Yet toil had exacted its toll from her beauty. She was thinner. An angle ran along her jaw where before had been a lovely curve. Her forearms were lean and muscle-marked, and as she displayed a chicken to a customer Elihu's glazed eyes noted that her hands were brown and dry.

If Maisie saw her father she gave no sign. How long he looked Elihu never knew, but presently he became aware, planted directly in front of him, of the sacklike, sun-bonneted figure of old Nora McGilvaddy, the wife of the janitor at the bank.

"You old Bedlamite!" she hissed in his ear, and passed majestically on.

Regardless of an appointment at the bank, Hundreth turned, in a kind of

panic, and made swiftly for home, his head swimming. His habit of self-control utterly failed him. For the first time in his life, fear hit him. His wife's warning, "She'll break you!" rang in his ears.

He had glimpsed this ugly, fearsome Thing before. He had felt it trailing him like a shadow. When directing his farm-hands, or gazing at a sunset, or sitting in a board meeting at the bank—at any time or place, in fact—he might become conscious of the Thing snapping its menacing jaws. But never before had it actually laid hold of him.

One by one, the manifold activities of his life were losing their zest. Since severing his connection with the church, he had given up going to town on Sundays. Now he gave up going on Saturdays. But even on the other five days of the week he walked cautiously, with furtive glances to right and left for a girlish figure in a wash dress and a boy's hat.

THUS the summer and autumn passed. Depredations on Elihu's farm continued, and he finally put padlocks on all of the out-buildings. He also fell into the habit of getting up in the middle of the night, when sleep would not come, and prowling about the premises with a shotgun in his hands.

One night in November, when thus engaged, he detected a shadowy figure moving stealthily between a corn-crib and the tool-house. He had never contemplated murder, but his nerves were jumpy of late, and almost involuntarily he raised his weapon and fired both barrels. A stunned silence followed the explosions. Then came a flash in the darkness, and a heavy-calibered revolver bellowed six times in quick succession. Elihu heard the bullets sing past his head.

"Some one tried to murder me," he explained to Naomi, who, in her night-dress and shaking with terror, met him at the kitchen door. "After I tried to murder him," he added, with his scrupulous adherence to the truth.

A few days later he discovered that some one had sawed an opening into one of his cribs and removed a small quantity of corn. The piece had been carefully replaced, and he would hardly have discovered the operation except for a sprinkling of sawdust that caught his eye.

That night he looked up an old double-pronged fox-trap in the tool-house, secured the chain with a staple to an upright inside the crib, and set the trap just under the opening that had been sawed out—the most likely place for the hand of the thief to spring it.

He had waited until the hired man retired. It was a strategy, indeed, of which he was half ashamed, and entirely out of character for him, like his shooting at the prowler. So, after going to bed, he could not sleep, but lay and listened for he knew not what—perhaps the scream of a man. But no sound reached his ears, and about one o'clock he rose, dressed, lit a lantern, and went out to remove the lugubrious device.

As he neared the crib his heart jumped. He made out the blurred lines of a human figure crouching close to the wall—crouching but not moving. He paused, fearing that the man, like any trapped creature, might prove desperate. But to leave his victim there, on a cold night, was an inhumanity of which he was incapable; so he again advanced.

Then the light from his lantern revealed the face of Jeffrey Bonebrake—hard, defiant, with eyes scintillating a satanic hate. Hundreth stared in amazement. Never had he suspected Bonebrake in connection with these nocturnal exploits.

"So it's you I have to thank for the damages I have suffered!" he exclaimed.

"No!" returned Jeffrey doggedly. "I never trespassed on your place until last Wednesday night."

"Was it you who shot at me then?"

"Yes. Let me out of this accursed trap."

"Perhaps a constable had better do that. I'll have to think it over a minute."

"I'll give you a third of a minute!" exclaimed Jeffrey grimly, and, whipping a revolver from his pocket, he cocked it with an ominous click and began to count. Hundreth was the last man in the world to be coerced by a threat. But the sinister glitter in his antagonist's eyes warned him that he stood cheek by jowl with death. So he set his lantern down, and with his hands alone—few men could have mustered the strength—he compressed the powerful springs of the trap and released Bonebrake's bleeding hand.

For a moment the two men faced each other awkwardly.

"Does Maisie know you're here?" then asked Hundreth, with something like compassion in his voice.

"She! My God, no! She thinks I'm coon-hunting."

"Why did you come, then?"

"Because we're poor up our way. We've got to eat hogs, and hogs have got to eat corn. To keep Maisie from going hungry I'd steal the silver off an altar. And I'd do more than that, Hundreth. I'd kill—either you or myself. Understand? With one of us dead the way would be smoother for Maisie. Some day, if things continue as they are, one of us will have to go. It's the only way. With one dead, you and she would forgive each other—in time. With you dead, forgiveness would not be necessary. She could then eat a crust from Valley View without choking on it. Listen—and show whether you're a man or just the shell of one. I'll toss a coin with you now to see which of us shall go, for the sake of one we both love. Will you do it? Speak up!"

Hundreth stood like a man in a trance, speechless. Jeffrey, with a contemptuous laugh, swung upon his heel and vanished.

The master of Valley View staggered toward the house. The Thing now had its teeth in him deep, cracking his marrow-bones. The world reeled. The fair structure called life, for which he had wrought so earnestly, was crashing into a shapeless ruin. The wild, maniacal face of Jeffrey Bonebrake, challenging him to a choice between his child and death, danced before his eyes like a hideous mask. He shook with a horror of self.

Presently he found himself upstairs, standing at the door of Maisie's deserted room. He groped his way in through the dark, knelt at the bedside, and, feeling for the little heap of clothes at the foot, buried his face in her scarlet coat.

"O God, deliver me, a sinner, from this living death!" he prayed passionately, over and over.

HE was not a man to do things by halves. He tip-toed downstairs, built a fire in the kitchen range, and sat before it, immersed in sad reflections, until his wife appeared at daybreak. He made no explanation, and she—to such a height had his eccentricities risen—asked for none. After breakfast he harnessed his favorite black mare to a phaeton—he had never learned to like the automobile—and drove to the village. After being closeted with his lawyer for an hour, he headed for the Bonebrake farm.

It was ten o'clock when he drove into the door-yard and hitched Blossom to the leaning slat-and-wire fence. No one was in sight. The little house was banked with straw to baffle the winter gales. A pile of rough fire-wood—unsplit stumps, roots, and knots—lay near the lean-to kitchen. The stiff, blackened skeletons of a row of dahlias—a flower Maisie loved—rattled against their stakes with a hollow, ghostly sound.

Hundreth, with a pounding heart, gently rapped on the side door. There was no response. The misgivings that had assailed him along the road again stirred. He knew his girl well. He knew he could not easily withdraw the iron he had driven into her soul.

Then he heard voices. Looking up, he saw Maisie and Jeff emerging from the barn—she with her apron gathered up, as if carrying eggs, he with a bucket in one hand and their child on his arm.

BOTH halted at sight of their visitor, and gazed a moment, as if doubting their eyes. Then they resumed their advance, Maisie in front, with quickened steps.

"Has anything happened to mother?" she demanded, with a heaving bosom.

"No; she is perfectly well," answered Hundreth, in the voice that comes from a tight throat.

He removed the Quakerish hat he always wore, and held it awkwardly.

"This is a difficult errand for me, my children—if you will allow me to call you such. I have come to ask your forgiveness for all the wrongs I have done you."

Jeff shot a quick glance at his wife. She stood with her large hazel eyes fixed gravely on the speaker, as if waiting for him to go on.

"I know I ask much," continued Elihu. "I don't expect a few contrite words from me to wipe out in a moment the bitterness of the last two years. I only ask to be accepted on probation—to be given a chance to make good my words."

His eyes misted over. His wide lip, which could set so ruthlessly, trembled. But Maisie's grave face underwent no change.

"Why should you want our forgiveness?" she asked coldly.

"Because I have wronged you cruelly and remorse is killing me! Because I want to make amends. Maisie! Maisie!" he cried suddenly. "Have mercy!"

Jeffrey paled. But the girl only turned her eyes to the purplish hoof in which lay Valley View, bursting with fatness.

"Jeffrey must speak for himself," she concluded at last, slowly. "It is he you have injured most deeply. As for myself—"

She paused, her face went gray, and she turned upon him eyes that seemed like the windows of a soul in ashes.

"As a father, you have ceased to exist for me. I neither love nor hate you. I have taught myself to think of you as dead. There is nothing to forgive the dead."

She stooped and took the baby's hand in her own, and walked toward the kitchen. She halted at the door and added:

"I thank you for coming. I wish you would stay for dinner. It will give you and Jeff a chance to talk."

She passed within. Hundreth stared at the closed door as if it were the portal to paradise locked against him. Then he became conscious that Jeffrey was holding his hand.

"As man to man, I can't do less than meet you half way," said Jeffrey. "I am glad you came, too. I hope to God it isn't too late—for her."

At the table the two men tried to make talk. Little Jeff helped some. At first he gazed at the big stranger with steady, disapproving eyes; but presently, when his grandfather patted him on the head, he smiled and pointed a hand at the dish containing a chicken pie and gurgled "Chicky!" The men forced a laugh, but Maisie did not lift her sober eyes.

After dinner the men sat in the living-room a short time. When his guest announced that he must go, Jeffrey went out to harness Blossom.

ELIHU stepped into the kitchen, where Maisie was washing the dishes.

"Let me dry them?" he asked. "I've been helping mother of late. It sort of takes me back to my boyhood."

Maisie handed him a towel made from a flour-sack. She did not speak; but as she stood at the table,—there was no sink,—her hands feverishly busy, her beautiful head inclined, the tendrils of her hair clinging moistly to her neck, she made such a picture of woe that Hundreth yearned to take her in his arms. But he had forfeited that father's right.

"Now won't you and Jeff spend Sunday with mother and me?" he asked.

Her hands were suddenly still.

"Yes—if Jeff will."

"And won't you come early, so you can help mother with dinner?" he pleaded. "It will seem like old times to see you in the kitchen with her again."

"Yes, we'll come early," she answered.

She washed a couple of plates with hands that visibly shook, and added:

"You'll have to take us as we are. Jeff hasn't any good clothes, and the baby hasn't anything white except—"

She swallowed spasmodically.

Hundreth dropped the towel.

"My dear little girl!" he cried, "won't you let me atone? When I die one half of all I own will be yours. But let me give it while I live. Think of your mother! Think of little Jeff!"

Maisie stiffened. Then she fled from the kitchen. A moment later a wild weeping from the front room reached Hundreth's ears. He stood still, throbbing with hope, yet fearful by his presence of stopping the flood that was washing the grief from her heart. But at last he could wait no longer.

She lay across the bed, her face buried in her arms, her body shaken by the storm within. Hundreth, with a streaming face, softly sat down on the edge of the bed and laid his hand upon her head.

Presently the sobs subsided and her hand groped for his.

"Oh, father!"

"Yes, daughter!"

Jeff entered the room, threw them a startled glance, and quickly removed his hat, like one who has blundered into a house of prayer.

"He had glimpsed this ugly, fearsome Thing before. He had felt it trailing him like a shadow."

THE MELTING POT

In Which the New Books and Magazines are Boiled Down to Give You Fifteen Minutes of Health, Efficiency, Travel, Biography, and Adventure

TEACH YOUR CHILD AT HOME

Photograph by Mishkin

Mothers ought to be the teachers of their children, even if they don't know how to plan set lessons. "Follow the lead of the child, teaching him what he will insist upon knowing, and you will want no further pedagogy."

"UNTIL the age of ten, every child having a good home should remain at home. It is the best place for teaching a child during the first ten years of his life," writes Ella Frances Lynch in *Educating the Child at Home* (Harper & Brothers). "Many a mother distrusts her own teaching ability. She is rusty; they teach so differently nowadays!"

But this very inexperience is what makes a mother's teaching so valuable. She invents new and simple methods. Hearing her child's questions from morning until bed-time, better than any teacher she can watch his mental growth; she knows exactly what his mind is hungry to know.

"Lincoln's mother, uneducated, taught her boy so effectively in the wilderness as to make a school unnecessary. Do you ask what she taught him? The alphabet, to spell, to memorize passages from the Bible. So well, indeed, did she fulfil her duty as the educator of her child, that a short time ago the Chancellor of Oxford University declared to the scholars of Great Britain that among the masters of English eloquence there was not one the equal of Lincoln, the American."

WHAT EVERY SALES-GIRL SHOULD KNOW

IF the girl who sells you a bit of crêpe de-chine can while you wait make it into a catchy little bow under your chin, she doubles her value. Every girl behind every counter in a big department-store must have some special knowledge, born with her or acquired. To show that a sales-girl's life is more than taking change out of the cash-pulleys, the Vocational Education Survey of Minneapolis, in a bulletin of the United States Bureau of Labor, tells what makes saleswomen successful.

The girl at the ribbon counter learns that the style and appearance of ribbon are more important than durability. She shows you how to use the newest of her wares. As profits on ribbons are greatly affected by a too generous measurement, she learns how to hold the bolt so that she can measure accurately. While she sells from the bolt, she watches the length of the ribbon so as to avoid short, unsalable ends. She keeps remnants fresh and clean, and disposes of them in the shortest possible time. Good taste, ability to match and harmonize, personal neatness, deft hands—these are her best assets.

The girl at the lace counter also needs good taste, but she must have besides good eyesight. She must know standard laces and their various meshes. She knows how these are made, how long they last, and whether they will wash. Without asking directly, she must find out for what purpose the customer wants the lace and how much she wishes to pay, so that she will be able to make suggestions.

While the lace saleswoman concentrates on one customer, the girl who sells trimmings must learn to wait on several, for trimmings make small profits. There is such a variety of wares at the trimming counter that it is hard to choose, and the successful clerk is one who can help you make up your mind.

But the young person who fits your gloves! You would never suspect the information stored in her head. She knows all about sheep—that the softness and durability of glove leather depend on the age of the animal and the place where it was raised; that leather taken from the young of hardy, mountain-climbing sheep is stronger than that from the young of animals that browse in the lowlands.

As for the department where all women linger, the bulletin says:

"Sales-persons who sell infant wear should be women who like children."

O BROWN EARTH—

O BROWN Earth, warm and fragrant,
Make soft her tiny bed.
Oh, great Winds, in the darkness
Move gently overhead—

Be kind, you waving grasses
She gathered baby-wise,
And all you buds and blossoms,
Rest lightly on her eyes.

O mothers, to your bosoms
Fold close and safe your own—
My little babe is sleeping
Beneath the stars . . . alone.

Martha L. Wilkinsky
in "The Masses"

WRITING FOR THE MAGAZINES

IF you want to be an Irvin Cobb or a Ray Stannard Baker, write about what you like and what you know.

"The thing you like is likely to be the thing you know outside and in," says J. Berg Esenwein in *Writing for the Magazines* (Home Correspondence School). "But if you know your interesting subject only a little, at least be sure that it is a thing you are in a position to learn about. Research, intelligent investigation, forms the basis of many a masterly article. Find all the facts. Hasty conclusions spell lame results."

Whatever you write, the one interest sure to catch your reader, he says, is human interest. You may write on thrift as something of wide interest; of class interest, like factory life; the making of big guns, an unfamiliar subject which the public would like to learn; the conservation of palatines as a future problem. But you must make your reader apply all you say to himself.

After you decide what to write, decide next for what magazine to write it. Every periodical has, to some degree, its own tone. Don't write an aristocracy thesis for *St. Nicholas* nor an "Hints to Modern Husbands" for *Pinder-Play*.

The next problem is the opening. The author quotes Barrett Wendell:

"Most people have a strong impulse to profuse something in particular by at least a paragraph of reading in particular, bearing to the real matter in hand a relation not more inherently intimate than that of the tuning of violins to a symphony. It is the mechanical misfortune of musicians that they can not with certainty tune their instruments out of hearing. It is the mechanical luck of the writer that he need not show a bit more of his work than he chooses."

Make your introduction really introduce, or else dispense with it.

"The old-fashioned ending has gone out just as much as the old-fashioned beginning. Don't indulge in a final flourish. Summarize the whole in one compact sentence, or conclude with an epigrammatic one-sentence.

BELGIUM'S FIGHTING PRIEST

THE Germans have camped in Belgium, and they draw ten million dollars' worth of tribute every month. But one old man makes life eventful and uncomfortable for them. Since 1914 Cardinal Mercier has been saying the wrong thing to Germany.

There is the story of the Christmas pastoral of 1915. A letter was mysteriously distributed among the priests of Belgium, and on Christmas Day, instead of the usual mass, the following words were shouted from every Belgian pulpit:

"The other Powers have agreed to respect Belgian neutrality; Germany has broken her word.

"I consider it an obligation to define to you your conscientious duties toward the Power which has invaded our soil.

"This Power has no authority, and therefore in the depth of your heart you should render it neither esteem nor attachment nor respect.

"The only legitimate Power in Belgium belongs to our King and the representatives of the nation. That alone has a right to our hearts' affection and to our submission."

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While Cardinal Mercier wonders what more he can do to arouse the Belgian patriots, the Germans wonder what more they can do to Cardinal Mercier to intimidate him.

Of course the German officials stirred themselves and forced these letters from the clergy at bayonet points; but on the following Sunday the priests had learned the new liturgy by heart, and they rendered it with a splendid defiant intonation.

So, next to King Albert, this "preternaturally tall, thin, scholarly, frail old man has become the national hero. He resolves in a tiny white-washed room, furnished with horsehair chairs, a desk, a table, and a small coal stove," says an article in *Current Opinion*. "Through the windows one looks into a dead garden where shells have plunged and burst. Amid these mutilated surroundings the Cardinal gives voice to his 'treasonable utterings.'"

Because of his spirit, they say, the Belgians who live on thin soup and bread still have hope and a lot of national pride.

SAVE TIME IN YOUR OFFICE

IF you are penny-wise in writing-pads and pens, you will be pound-foolish in pay-rolls. Economy in time-saving devices for the office is lack of economy in salaries, says William H. Leffingwell in *System*.

If a ten-dollar-a-week clerk wastes five minutes a day looking for a blotter, his lost time amounts to more than $6 a year—a sum that would buy plenty of blotters. Doubling the number of filing cabinets may cut in half the number of filing clerks; and, while guide cards in the cabinet take up space and are expensive, neither the equipment nor the space is so expensive as the time wasted hunting through the files without sufficient guides.

As some clerks are short and some are tall, why should they all have to sit in the same kind of chair? Leather cushions for men with short bodies, and foot-stools for those with short legs, will reduce fatigue and thereby increase output.

It pays to save steps. Plan your office, when you can, so that the girl at the order desk doesn't have to cross the entire office twenty times a day to get to the invoice desk.

It pays also to reduce noise and interruptions. "I have seen fifty clerks lose a quarter of a minute every time a truck rolled across the floor above them," says the author. "That particular truck made two or three trips an hour. This meant a loss of 60,000 minutes in a year, or 100 hours. At even 20 cents an hour, this loss amounted to $200, and would have bought many rubber tires for the truck."

HOW BELL INVENTED THE TELEPHONE

"TALL and slender, with jet-black eyes and hair pushed back into a curly tangle"; "sensitive and high-strung"; "very much the artist"; "his enthusiasms were intense, and once his mind was filled with an idea he followed it devotedly"; "very little the practical business man, and paid scant attention to the small practical details of life."

This was Alexander Graham Bell as a young man, described by W. K. Towers in *Masters of Space* (Harper & Brothers).

Bell's father was famous for his system of "visible speech," by which he was trying to teach deaf-mutes to talk. Bell inherited this interest. When he was twenty-one he learned that an electro-magnet could vibrate a tuning-fork, and he began to experiment with an electrical telegraph. So he set out on his search for the telephone.

Just at this time he was threatened with tuberculosis, and came to America, where he made a name for himself teaching deaf-mutes. He was so successful that for a time he laid aside his experiments with telegraphy and telephony. Two wealthy men, however, realizing his abilities as an inventor, supported his experiments. One of them, Sanders, had a deaf-mute son. Bell was to tutor him at their Salem home and to conduct his experiments in their basement. The other, Hubbard, a lawyer, had a deaf-mute daughter. Bell fell in love with her, and four years later married her.

While he was working on the musical telegraph and telephone, he was trying to help a mute talk by making sound-vibrations visible to the eye. "If I can make a deaf-mute talk, I can make men talks" said he.

Just at the time when his two friends had begun to insist that he stop experimenting with telephony and confine himself to musical telegraphy, he met Professor Joseph Henry, who had aided Morse, and who now urged him to work on.

"But," replied Bell, "I have not got the electrical knowledge that is necessary."

"Get it," replied Henry.

Bell got it. He hired Thomas Watson as an assistant. His two old friends provided funds for his continued experiments with musical telegraphy, and at odd moments he worked on telephony. In 1875, at the end of three years of dreary drudgery, he had completed a new instrument. When sounds were at last transmitted, Bell was wild with enthusiasm. If his instrument could reproduce sounds, it could reproduce words and sentences. His two friends were finally convinced that he was on the road to a greater invention than musical telegraphy, and financed him until 1876, when he spoke into the instrument in the work-room and was understood by Watson in the basement.

On his twenty-ninth birthday he received a patent described as "the most valuable single patent ever issued." It was so entirely new that he did not know how to describe his invention to the patent officials; and although it was far from being a telegraph, he called it "an improvement on the telegraph."

"Had I known more about electricity and less about sound," he said, "I would never have invented the telephone."

A GREAT AMERICAN SURGEON

THE man who was once a fashionable New York doctor and the butt of a newspaper scandal is now the greatest surgeon in France. French scientists, who have heretofore led the world, flock to his hospital like pupils to study his "bloodless operations."

Americans remember Dr. Joseph A. Blake as a surgeon who attended spectacular cases. He was called in when Roosevelt was shot. When Charles A. Barney, the head of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, shot himself after the crash of his bank, which precipitated the panic of 1907, Dr. Blake was summoned to try and save his life. A few years later, when he and his wife were divorced, the newspapers made the most of it; and Dr. Blake went to Paris with the reporters yapping at his heels. Since then he has been a voluntary expatriate.

The war broke out, and after a series of vicissitudes Dr. Blake proved himself one of the greatest surgeons who has ever lived. First he became the head of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris.

Once a fashionable New York doctor and the butt of newspapers, Dr. Joseph A. Blake is now one of the most honored surgeons in France. The greatest doctors are imitating his methods and marveling at his "bloodless surgery."

The military authorities wished to keep the hordes of wounded out of Paris. As a result the Ambulance Hospital had only 4000 wounded in all 60,000 beds, and to keep busy hundreds of rich and handsome women who insisted on being nurses.

Wounded Tommies were heard to say, "Lummy, 'er ladyship again. Be a sport and tell 'er I'm too sick to be nursed to-day."

Several French surgeons were jealous of Dr. Blake. So, after a great fracas, Dr. Blake resigned and went to the British hospital. An evidence of his work there is that, out of two thousand cases of severely wounded, there were only six deaths.

Now, having completed the finest hospital in Europe, the French government has invited Dr. Blake to be the head of it. It is six stories high and covers a square block in Paris. It will be the surgical center of the world. Its official name is the American Red Cross Hospital of Paris; but, following the custom that seems to arise wherever Dr. Blake goes, it has already been named "Dr. Blake's hospital in the Avenue du Bois."

WHEN HARRY LAUDER LOST HIS SON

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HARRY LAUDER had been singing at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London for many months when the news came that his only son had been killed in a charge across No Man's Land. For two days the theater was closed. But on the third night the plucky little Scot turned up at the stage door. "I am going to show them what Scotland can do," he said. And the man who had just lost his son put on a khaki uniform and went out before the footlights to sing the big song of the evening—"When the Boys Come Home." At the second verse his voice broke. The great audience, much stirred, jumped to their feet and cheered for the little man who was doing something more difficult than facing shells. Here is a picture of Harry Lauder's son leading his Highlanders in a sham charge against a French windmill.

SHE KEEPS LONDON FROM FEELING DULL

WHEN the average woman turns fifty-six she is convinced that she is old; she knows it is time to be feeble. Lady Randolph Churchill is a comforting exception. Admitting blithely to sixty-three, she persists in being one of the handsomest and most debonair women of England; and, having had the good fortune to be born in Rochester, New York, as Jennie Jerome, she has an instinct for clothes that the English can only envy.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Lady Randolph Churchill is an American, but for forty years English society has liked her, "oh, exceedingly!" With her charm she built up the political careers of her husband, Lord Randolph, and her son Winston.

Lord Randolph Churchill, dead these twenty-five years, was not of the heroic type, but a pale, languid, perfumed young man, say the chroniclers of the day. Lady Randolph made herself a necessary part of English society. She developed her husband into a fair politician, and even made him quite likable. The political brilliance of her oldest son, Winston Churchill, is well known.

At fifty-six Lady Randolph fell in love with George Cornwallis-West, aged twenty-six; and, although the latter's mother and his sisters—one of them a princess and the other a duchess—made loud and unpleasant protests, Lady Randolph knew her own mind, and married the young man anyway.

Later they were divorced, but don't think Lady Randolph became a blighted being. She wrote plays; she attended the races; she used her influence in Parliament; she did Red Cross work; and she had Prime Ministers and generals and scholars to lunch.

Bernard Shaw once received an invitation; but he answered:

"Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well known habit?"

"I know nothing of your habits," answered Lady Randolph; "but I hope they are better than your manners."

FOR THE WOMAN WHO SPENDS

"A LACK of knowledge of the value of money on the part of women is the most powerful enemy to domestic happiness that exists," declared Judge Lacy of the Domestic Relations Court in Detroit. His figures showed that 36 per cent. of the cases that came before him were due to extravagance on the part of wives, and that in another 20 per cent., in which faults of both man and wife were responsible, extravagance of the wife was the principal trouble.

"Charge accounts at stores, ordering goods over the telephone, and free delivery of small packages are all fruitful causes of extravagance and the higher cost of living," declares T. D. MacGregor in *The Book of Thrift* (Funk & Wagnalls). He quotes the following twelve "Don'ts" for housewives:

"Don't be optimistic regarding the butcher. Have a set of scales.

"Don't market by 'phone unless you want seconds and left-overs.

"Don't forget that there is much nutriment in cheap cuts of meat if properly cooked.

"Don't economize on cereals. They are the best and cheapest of foods.

"Don't buy fruits and vegetables out of season.

"Don't buy in large quantities if your home is small.

"Don't take ice in winter. Use a window-box.

"Don't buy new novels.

"Don't use extra telephone messages.

"Don't jump into a car for every ten blocks. Walk!

"Don't get into debt. Charge accounts are vampires.

"Don't live beyond your income.

"Every family should make a deposit in the savings bank each month. It is not what a man earns, but what he and his family save, that determines his success or failure from a material standpoint."

Drawn by Dyke Wilson

Gallant but absent-minded Sir (*during a gas attack*): "Crickey! That reminds me. A believe A left the gas burnin' at home the day A joined up!"

The Blue Aura

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

Illustration by Arthur J. Keller

DORA TRELAWNY, after a period of illness, is taken on in the chorus of a music show to open in London. To Ivy Love and Betty St. Clair she tells a tale of having run away from rich parents to go on the stage. She is really the daughter of a lady's maid and of a rich man, who, having educated Dora for the stage, considers his duty done. Going to her lodging-house after a rehearsal, Dora passes on the steps a good-looking young man talking to the lodging-house keeper. She is hungry—and will receive no salary for ten days. That evening she strikes up an acquaintance with the young man, Teddie Tyson, and he takes her to dinner. He is a member of a team of acrobats, "Tyro and Turco." Next evening Dora is hungry again, and again dines with Teddie. This time Turco is in the party. Dora is shocked at Turco's appearance. He resembles an ape, and his baggy clothes add to his uncouth appearance. Teddie leaves them at the table to speak to some friends, and Dora is almost afraid of the clown partner. He stares fixedly at her, and suddenly remarks, "Excuse me, but I am looking at your aura." Dora carelessly asks if it is blue. He sees a rainbow-like aura, and in it three men—himself, Teddie, and a third, unknown. Dora hopes there will be money. Turco divines her financial difficulties, and, pulling out a handful of gold, insists on Dora taking a sovereign.

TURCO trotted off by himself into the night. He soon vanished in the press about Piccadilly. One moment he was there, and the next he was gone. Dora felt a sense of loss. She looked about vainly, yielding unwillingly to Tyson's clasp of her arm.

"Never mind about him," the handsome boy said, with a consoling laugh. "You have me."

"He's a queer man. I didn't like him at first," Dora replied wistfully.

"You can't dislike Turco."

"He said I would love him," she remarked.

Tyson laughed and squeezed her arm.

"Not likely, when I'm about. I'm simply mad about you. You're the first girl in a year that I've troubled to look at."

With the sovereign in her pocket, Dora listened with an astonishing serenity.

"Do you think I believe that?" she challenged.

"I don't care whether you believe it or not—it's the truth," he replied. She had an uncomfortable idea that he was always telling the truth—too blatant and blunt, even in his florid handsomeness, for the subtleties she fancied she approved.

"You say you're mad about me. Does that mean you're in love with me?"

"Love? I don't know. I've never been in love."

"Neither have I," she asserted.

"If I ever fell in love," Tyson said slowly, "there wouldn't be any limit to it. That's why I'm careful. If you love a girl she can ruin your life. I've seen it happen over and over again."

There and then Dora cunningly decided that he should love her. With Turco's piece of gold in her pocket she felt quite free. In prophesying her future Turco had invested his friend with romantic possibilities. Was not Tyson one of those men she would love? What was ordained must be.

In the darkness of the street he clasped her bare fingers.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"I must go home," she answered firmly. "I'm tired. It's been a rotten day—except this evening."

"Oh, yes," he said hastily. "I heard what you and Mrs. Petrosini were talking about. You're on the rocks, aren't you?"

Dora tossed her head.

"Not in the least—what do you mean?"

"But—".

"You heard me say it wasn't convenient to pay her to-day. I shall pay her to-morrow. It's no affair of yours."

Under this rebuke, the boy was silent—thoughtful, rather; but he was not accustomed to deep thinking. Plainly she had no need of him. She was not in love with him, nor was she mad about him, as he confessed to himself he was about her. He wondered if this were the beginning of love in his own case. Turco had told him it would have to come sometime, and that he would suffer. Turco had read his future also.

In the practical brain of the handsome acrobat there dawned the wish that Dora Trelawny might be incorporated into the company of Tyro and Turco. But Turco might object. The last time there had been a woman with the act, Turco had behaved in a most unpalliant fashion.

So in silence he walked beside Dora, holding her fingers, marveling at the charm in which she was suddenly invested for him. It was dark at the foot of the stairs when they let themselves in.

"Good night," said the now thoroughly independent Dora.

He clung to her hand.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I want you to," he pleaded.

She thrilled, and leaned toward him, only half believing in her own stinging emotions.

Their lips met. It was a kiss that drowned her consciousness. It was love, at last!

His arms closed about her, and he kissed her again and again. It was love with him, too.

The prophecy of the wrinkle-browed clown was coming to early fulfillment.

"I love you—love you—love you!" Tyson cried between his kisses.

Dora's cheek fluttered against his with the soft terror of a bird's wing. He held her captive. Then he let her go.

With a thrilling laugh, she ran up the stairs. She was strangely happy.

"How strong he was! Dora's lips went white; she leaned forward, watching him tensely, her soul in her eyes. He met her glance, and for a second his arm quivered."

THE next day was rather wonderful. Dora had a good breakfast, paid Mrs. Petrosini, and skipped to rehearsal prepared to play Lady Beautiful to her friends. Betty's postal order had come, however, so there were two of them in funds. Dora did not explain how she had received her own riches. They thought she had pawned something.

The best thing that happened that day was a dismissal of the ballet at noon. They would not be called again until Monday morning.

The three girls lunched together at a cheap restaurant in Soho.

Dora was in unusual spirits, and the others followed her lead as a matter of course. When she broke the important news to them they were electrified.

Dora thought she was falling in love!

They gaped toward her, incredulous, curious. They hurled a dozen questions at her in a breath.

It was Dora's moment of temptation.

Continued on page 19

BOYS WILL BE BUFFALO BILLS

IT was only the fear of a "B" mark, but J. Harvey Stewart saw black tragedy ahead, and resolved to go out into the world and wipe out his past by mighty conquests. James Harvey Stewart was a boy about and twelve years old. He left his home in Jamaica, Long Island, accoutered with a cooking kit, a rifle and a bicycle. He sold the latter for $5, and with his he started for Branchville Lake, New York. He camped out in the woods, slept in barns, begged food when necessary. After four days the future had lost a little of its horror, and J. Harvey gave himself up to the authorities.

WILLIAM SALMAN is a New York newsboy. For two years he was the protegé of Edward W. Robinson, a wealthy business man who took him off his beat on the battery and placed him in the Church of Messiah choir school in Rhinebeck confident of the boy's musical talent. But conventuality galled the former newspaper boy, and, spurning all visits to future fame he left Rhinebeck unfortunately to New York. He found his former taken, his prestige with his friend dissipated and his want became penniless. The cultist is now willing to return to his benefactors but they are still hesitating.

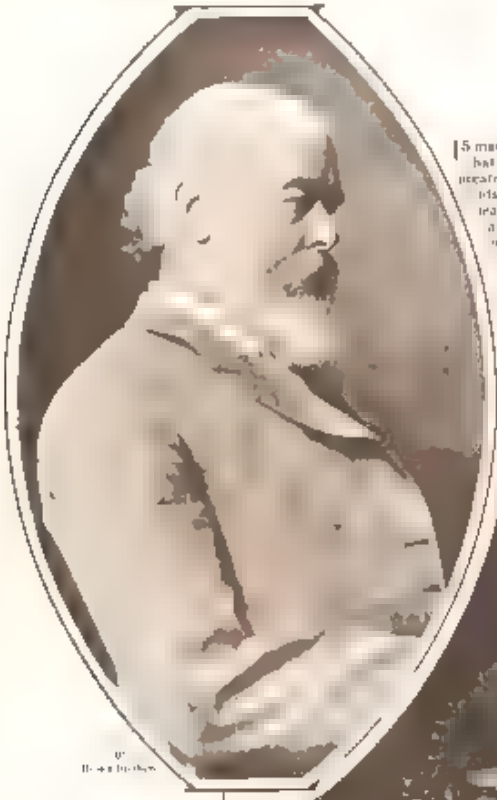
"I USED to sit at my desk and dream of myself on a horse, leading the whole British army across hills all covered with smoke. Then I would see myself riding into Berlin and asking the Kaiser peaceful terms. After that I would come back to London and be presented to King George to be made knight or something. Then I would come back to America and shake hands with the fellows I knew and watch them show up while I started to speak." This day dreaming started all in February 1915. Robert Vincent, a fifteen-year-old Boston school-boy stole aboard the White Star liner *Arabic* for England. Arrived at Liverpool, he tramped on days to London. The army officers there refused his valued generalship with a gruff "Run home to mother." Still undaunted the young Napoleon smuggled aboard another ship which took him to France. The French were kinder. The Society of Boy Scouts took him in. Now Robert Vincent has a splintered leg to show he suffers in East Boston, son by a bullet "somewhere in France."

LITTLE Moses James had seen the train rush to his home in Mackintosh, New Jersey, ever since his memory could turn out of his first siesta. For six years the engine whistles called him; and on July 16, 1916, he yielded, and established a record of disappearing three times in seventy-odd hours. His first trip was as a stowaway on a freight car. The engineer brought him back three hours later. After dinner he got aboard another freight, but the conductor found him and took him home. But no sooner was Mrs. James out of sight than he, the vagabond, lumbered aboard a passenger train. This time all trace of him was lost until interview with the station master at Spring Valley, New York, disclosed the whereabouts of Master James.

JEROME STACKY per we've a State, state New York day appeared September 23, 1914. For three days he patrolled a search with dogs after the woods and cowpaths in Westchester county. Germany had heard a rumor of German war-ships in New York harbor. With a sandwich, three pencils, a pocket knife and a glorious zest in adventure he started for the city. He gravely trudged west to 30th Street to North River. When he arrived at the docks he found no war ships at all. He decided to war on them. For three nights he slept about the docks, and for three days he lived on apples garnered from the produce warehouses. The fourth day he gave up his visit and after another weary mile walk he arrived home, ability satisfied.

WILL EATER had seen life in New York City in the lower wards of Manhattan. With $10 he started on his great adventure by sail to Boston. Here the hotel clerk charged him $ for a night's lodging. The price stunned him but he paid. Next day on to New York. From the Grand Central Station he went to a movie theater. Then followed a ride on the elevated which lasted all night. The next day found him with very little money on his rough work, but his efforts were ruthless. A drizzly rain started in night came and Billy Leader took to play in street. A policeman solved his difficulty and several days later he Children's Society put Billy on a train bound for home.

SHALL WE TALK WIT



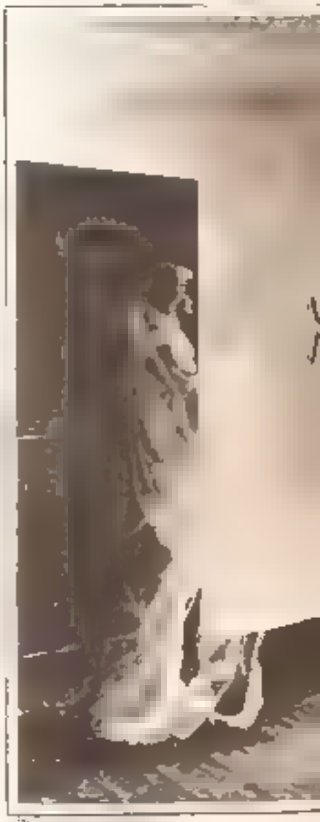
[illegible] Brothers

[illegible]5 man on the verge of bridging the shadowy borderland that divides the living from the dead? England's greatest scientist Sir Oliver Lodge says "Yes" and his wife and [illegible] "I have talked with the dead [illegible] is perhaps a century or a generation ago [illegible] that a hard-headed machine-tool and engineering [illegible] Sir Oliver is his researches in the realms of the unseen [illegible] Birmingham. [illegible] he [illegible] his family entered [illegible] in direct touch for a while [illegible] a spirit. Mrs [illegible] whom they learned to love so much that their tears mingled with hers [illegible] when the time came for her to go. She was real says Lodge. We could see her feel her [illegible] emotions of [illegible] quivered and her hand trembled, she [illegible] her smile and we [illegible] at a test

Photograph by [illegible]

Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge had a son Raymond. In September of 1914 he enlisted in the Great War and was killed in the fighting in France early in [illegible]. Shortly afterward Sir Oliver began to receive messages from him. At first the messages were [illegible] vague. Then a remarkable thing happened. Raymond described a snapshot of himself taken at the front. The picture was [illegible] which Sir Oliver received by mail. And to make sure [illegible] the young man [illegible] had [illegible] in his book *Raymond, or Life and Death*, Lodge gives a full account of these messages and their significance. The average reader will [illegible] interest in what it purports to be [illegible] the most remarkable [illegible] ever printed. It offers a full, detailed account of [illegible] the other world.

Photograph by [illegible]



[illegible] ESARE [illegible]MER ISO was a man of [illegible] his own word for the following story [illegible] gentleman accused of the murder of the young merchant named De Rémy. I soon came to [illegible] business country fellow had been [illegible] and I sat up exceedingly late, turning the matter [illegible] sleepy and at [illegible]. Finally started to reach which had to [illegible] a long corridor. A dressed in bridal attire seemed to emerge [illegible] turned [illegible] immediately as she ate [illegible] through me. [illegible] and I saw marks of [illegible] The M. De Rémy was the murd[illegible] who at that moment De[illegible] was later convicted and [illegible] Lenormand just "[illegible] it was there [illegible] there for him

Photograph by Byron [illegible]

Photograph by [illegible]

IT was a strange spectacle. On your side, souls full of anguish for bereavement on this side, souls all of sadness because they can not communicate with those they love." So spoke Amos, who had died, and her friend William T. Stead who was living. So it happened, but on this side of the dividing line between here and hereafter Stead for some years maintained a "spirit station," where such messages could be received and sent. The "station" was located in London and Stead called it "Julia's Bureau." Some strange and inexplicable things happened in connection with the Bureau. The death of Lefevre, the French writer, was announced to Stead almost simultaneously with its occurrence in Copenhagen. Lefevre appeared before Julia's Bureau and begged Stead to warn Balitoff a brother aviator not to make an ascension that day. Stead's cable was received by Balitoff a few moments before the flight. An examination of his machine was immediately made revealing a defective gear. Had Balitoff made the flight in all probability he would have met Lefevre's fate. Among the many who are said to have communicated with Julia's Bureau are Russell Sturgeon and Salisbury, Henry George, and Mrs. Eddy. Stead's own death by drowning was foretold there and it was thus that death came to him under the starlight on the North Atlantic when the *Titanic* sank

TH THE DEPARTED?

"DEATH is the easiest form of life," says Mrs. Annie Besant. And ghosts are just ordinary, every-day, casual things with her. "I saw Sergeant-So-and-so today," she told me, "and that Mrs. Besant will announce immediately. Sergeant-So may have been dead twenty years. Some people or those Mrs. Besant has the frankness to tell others. Thomas A. Edison, for instance, say. Annie Besant is the most interesting woman in the world." The last time Mrs. Besant was in New York she arrived somewhat late at a re... "I am so sorry," she apologized. "But I was looking at the old homes of this section as I came along, and thinking of my old friend William Q. Judge, and I knew I had been at New York when a quiet voice at my elbow whispered. And I am still mad. Here he was walking beside me. So you will forgive me for being late, won't you?"

ONE night about six years ago Miss Barker was sitting alone in her studio in Paris when she felt a sudden wrenching at her arm, accompanied by an impulse to write something. She seized a pencil and a hand seemed to close over her hand, she tells us. She was impressed, the result was a startlingly personal message in a hand-writing strange to her. Next day a friend recognized the writing as that of a mutual friend, Judge David P. Hatch of Los Angeles. Call with a...

Later the writing was again recognized and attested to by the Judge's wife. At the time, though neither Miss Barker nor her friend knew it, Judge Hatch had been dead for some months. The first pages contained, and Miss Barker found herself the dead man's amanuensis. So *The Letters of a Living Dead Man* were written.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Photograph by Brown Brothers

...ce convicted as a criminologist. We have had gone so warm to study the case of a ...g bride of his employer, a wealthy wine ...she confession that he murdered a stupid ...cused. The case baffled me. One night ...over and over, until my mind became built ...ur my room in the De Remy mansion. ...s I advanced down the corridor a woman ...n nothing and coarse-featured me. I recog... De Remy. She seemingly passed ...violence in her detail. A conviction ...pieces of his wife entered my ...e Remy, you will recall, ...ed executed." Was ...seeing things," ...something ...n to see?

DR. PEASE ... make ... of books and a dictionary in particular, was a student of the psychic. He died ... admitting that outside spiritualism there was no adequate explanation for many of the phenomena he had encountered. One of the strangest of these was the baffling experience of the "widow's mite." The "widow's mite" was an ancient coin which he had borrowed to illustrate a definition of coins in his dictionary. At a séance he was advised that Dr. Henry Ward Beecher desired him to return the coin to its owner and that it could be found in the office safe. To the best of Dr. Pease's knowledge and belief, of his associates, the coin had been returned. Nevertheless a search was instituted and the coin found. Professor Charles E. West, upon whom the coin had been borrowed, had been dead some years at this time, and his heirs claimed to have no knowledge of the transaction.

DR. HYSLOP of Columbia College is a man whose word unhesitatingly has weight with a jury. He tells us of an aberrant ... seamstress, reputed to possess mediumistic powers, who worked ... his cousin and who was one day seized with a violent fit of coughing while at work ... the sewing-machine. "The coughing ... ," ... Hyslop, and ... the woman seemed ... fell forward exhausted. Suddenly she began to speak, and ... an astonishing ... the voice of my cousin's sister, dead ... years, issued from her mouth. My cousin, ... called with something akin to terror, had her father had died ... a fit ... coughing out with the fit that had seized the seamstress."

Photograph by Harris & Ewing

USELESS JOBS

WE do not know exactly what a Naval Officer at the Port of New Orleans is, but judging from the picture of Jared Y. Sanders, who is one, we judge he must be in charge of the Horse Marines. Once upon a time, so the historians say, the Naval Officer had to be at his office almost every day, officering around, but times change. Mr. Daniels now does all the work in the Navy Department, and the chief work of a Naval Officer at the Port is said to be watching and waiting for his ship to come in.

WHO has the most useless job in the world? Henry Bruere, formerly City Chamberlain of New York, insisted that he had. "and he was getting $ 7,000 a year," he wrote to Mayor Mitchel "and he job is a needless one. Why not fire me." The Mayor would not be resigned. As Mr. Bruere walked out of his office he suffered only minor injuries from the crowd of applicants trying to get in.

TWENTY years a wreck-master without a single wreck is the record of Captain C. H. Morrison of Port Townsend, Washington. In olden days the wreck-master was expected to settle any disputes arising out of wrecks, but might occupy in his jurisdiction. Some masters in the Pacific Northwest still continue the old office among them Jefferson County, which Captain Morrison has served as wreck-master for twenty years without doing any work or drawing any pay. Some wreckless

FOR nearly a century the office of governor of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians at Pleasant Point Reservation, Maine, has been in the Dana family. Now the tribe is reduced to 482 members, and the present Governor Stanislaus Dana has nothing to do but explain the traditions and ceremonies of his tribe to an occasional visitor. The State pays the Governor a salary of $50 a year, and we are sending him a copy of Mr. Atwood's booklet on "Making Your Money Work for You."

WHEN Miss Eugenia Hobson's grandfather died, he ordered in his will that the sum of $ 25 be paid to his granddaughter at the end of each month, "provided that she does some little thing during the course of the month to show that she has not entirely forgotten me. A few flowers placed on my grave, or even a visit to it will suffice." We like the idea of this old man. We think we will leave some of our money to be spent until then. Where is the little girl who will agree not to forget us? Please write

"MEN may come and men may go but I go on forever," says the poet. The Rev. William Morgan has discovered that while men may go, they do not always come. A couple of years ago there were a number of regular attendants at his church, but they dropped off one at a time, until now he often preaches to no one at all. But he preaches just the same. He is the Seventh Adventist Church in Humphrey Township, New York.

AN Arkansas correspondent assures us that the most useless job in the world consists of being the warden of the jail in a dry town. This jail in Cave Springs, Arkansas, has had only one occupant in four years, and he left the next morning on

Assuming never never to take another drink. After an only crank left the jail went back to its old business of being the quiet and happy hunting ground. And the warden in charge went back to his old job at the livery stable.

THE MAN WHO CLEANED UP NEW YORK

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

THREE years ago Mr. Arthur Woods, then private secretary to Mayor Mitchel, stepped into the office of his chief, put out his hand and announced that he was leaving for police headquarters, to take up his new ... force—a ... yor had recently ... and the Mayor ...

at him with mock-pity.

"You damn fool!"

At first this hardly sounds like a cordial farewell to the man who was about to undertake the toughest job in the c... Yet the Mayor's part... ued an immense amount ...

... years the New York Police Headquarters had done yeoman service as the graveyard of popular reputations. The ... was ... public-spirited gentlemen ... entered with the most optimistic hopes of cleaning up the city and making a huge personal success, only to retire humiliated, ridiculed, and sometimes disgraced. ... axiom that a ... ork administration succeeded or failed with the success or failure of its police administration ... ob of policing a city of ... eople, a city that ... a tracts criminals ...

The young man now sent forth by ... ad to a reform that task was a tall, well-set-up, clean-cut vigorous figure, with a touch perhaps of the aristocrat, and a face that betrayed rather an affinity for the intellectual atmosphere of Harvard than for the criminals, gunmen, and gangsters of the metropolitan under-world. It was true that Mr. Arthur Woods had served as deputy commissioner under General Bingham from 1907 to 1909.

Three years have ...

...hey ... America's largest city has suddenly awakened to a sensational discove...

Several civic organizations that make a specialty of watching social conditions have recently studied the Woods administration and published their reports.

Take that of the Bureau ... ... ygiene as typical. In 1912, says this report, vice "was open, organized, aggressive, and prosperous. In 1916 it is furtive, disorganized, precarious, unsuccessful."

... shows the great decrease in the forces that prey ... The report gives the chief credit for this change ... "the Mayor and to the Commissioner of Police, for three years an able, upright and high-minded Police Commissioner has pursued a sound and consistent policy with all the backing, moral and official, that the Mayor could bring to his ...

... standard of ... has been set and maintai...

This, then, is the ... Arthur Woods ... w York history as the man who made the city clean, who abolished system ... graft, and who gave the New York police a new soul as well as a new body. A mere glance at the New York policeman disc... s the new spirit that he has instilled into the force. The New York "cop" stands up straighter now than he did a few years ago. His attitude is no longer that of apology for himself and his department. The changed attitude of the public—which no longer regards him as a grafter closely associated with the criminal elements—has given him a new self-respect. New York, in the last three years, has abandoned what was formerly one of its favorite pastimes—indiscriminate abuse of its police ...

... hard put to it for copy—he had nothing to write about.

"That's easy," the old reporter advised. "Write a story boosting the fireman or one knocking the cop. Either one always makes a hit."

Not a Cri...ologist

MR. WOODS is not a scientific criminologist. He cares little for the theories of Lombroso, Nordau, and other fatalists who find the explanation of all abnormal tendencies in the primordial germ-plasm. He does not deny that at ... time these notions fascinated him.

"The man who thought he knew more about criminals than any man in history," says Commissioner Woods, "discovered that they had easily ascertained characteristics. They had queer-shaped heads, not too much hair, queer-shaped mouths, ...rs, noses, twisted teeth, and so on. All this sounded reasonable enough to ... until one day I discovered that I had ... of these characteristics myself."

Mr. Woods' first official act was to establish the friendliest relations with the ... men force. Up to that time the Commissioner had been a kind of inaccessible ... whom the every-day policeman was seldom expected to see and practically never to approach. Indeed, the cop usually regarded his chief as an ornamental gentleman whom fortuitous circumstances had temporarily placed for a brief period at the head of ...

... tains, and sergeants who had been running the job for years.

Presently, however, a new order went forth: any member of the force, however humble his station, was invited to bring his troubles personally to the chief, who, the new notice read, was easily accessible for interviews. One of the most seasoned ... tains one day read out his orders to ... tentive line of privates.

"Them's the orders that go now," he ... uded. "Don't wait around to get other orders whispered in your ear. The ones that are read are the ones we mean."

Days of "Pull" Over

THE new spirit in the force is largely explained by the fact that the days of "pull" are over; that no man is transferred—"sent among the goats" is the police phrase—for doing his duty or for failing to do it. Every New York police... n knows that there is no man powerful ... ugh to influence the Commissioner's ... ..ets.

One day a distinguished New York citizen called on Mayor Mitchel. "I wished pressure brought to bear upon Commissioner Woods to transfer a ... tain to a more congenial precinct." By the oddest circumstance, Mr. Woods dropped into the Mayor's office at the same time.

"Here's the Commissioner himself."

...

"Perhaps you can persuade him to transfer your captain. I can't."

Other episodes threw much light on conditions new and old. A few days after entering office the new Commissioner asked about police records. The gentle... whom he applied looked blankly at each other. Who would believe that a city of nearly seven million had practically no police records? Yet this was the situation in New York three years ago. Almost no record was kept of complaints, burglaries, accidents, and other incidents that came under the purview of the police ...

... complaints ... mmissioner ... this way," replied his informant. "I get a message over the telephone that a certain flat has been robbed. ... ere, Bill, I can out ... take this squeal.' ... writes down on a slip of paper the ... ss of the place and puts the paper ... When the paper is worn ... ood to have ...

Commissioner Woods decided that this method would not do. He showed a sudden enthusiasm for card catalogues, record books, maps adorned with all kinds of crime and accident indicators, and other agencies for obtaining and retaining information of value to the police.

But Mr. Woods' greatest contribution to metropolitan police control is that he has introduced an entirely new basic idea. The standard for a health department is the low death rate, and similarly a low arrest rate—when that rate is combined with an orderly community—is now regarded as the ideal toward which the police department should strive. In other words, Mr. Woods has taken prevention ... watch-word of his department, precisely as that is the watch-word of the public health service. His aim is to catch ... riminal, not when he is committing his offense or after he has committed it ... he true business of the police department, as this Commissioner understands it, is to prevent the development of criminal classes.

This preventive work begins where necessarily the training of good citizens ... begins—with the children. The ... rs of every great city ... receive their kindergarten training upon the public streets. T... must receive their training for good ... zenship in the same great forum. Under Mr. Woods' prompting, scores of New York policemen have discovered a hitherto unsuspected talent for public speaking. Police sergeants go into the public schools and other popular gathering places, and talk to the children on all matters pertaining to public order and good citizen...

... ni learn how t... fun without breaking ... national aga... lurking for them everywhere. Th... encouraged to look upon a uniformed member not as an enemy, but as a friend, and to run to him when trouble is brewing or ... attempts are being made to mislead them.

At the same time that the police ... seeking to establish the most cordial personal relations with the children, they are busily removing ...

... ing up gangs. Practically all city malefactors are recruited from gangs. The gang-leader is commonly a hero in the tenement districts. Thus the destruction of gangs, and the "putting away" of their leaders, not only relieves the community ... destroys much of the glamour that ... tures ... would-be imitators astray.

Helping Ex-Convicts to Find J...s

FOR criminals who show a real desire ... reform, the Woods administration shows every consideration. In this respect historic attitude of the police force has changed. The old-fashioned conception that pictures the detective and the cop as remorselessly on the trail of the ex-con... vict, seeking the first opportunity to ... him in again, has given place to ... coöperation. The departmental ... regularly visit reformatories, exhorting the young inmates to mend their ... and promising them, when released, ...

... teachers, prison missionaries, and ... formers make many appeals ... of this kind, but they have an unusual force coming from the prisoners' natural enemy—a uniformed police sergeant.

Once released from prison, almost the first visit the ex-convict has is a member of the New York police department. "What can we do to help you go straight?" is the question asked. The convict's immediate need, of course, is a job.

There are hundreds of ex-convicts in ...w York to-day working steadily and successfully at jobs that have been obtained by Mr. Woods' force. For these men the overhanging dread that "the police will find me out" is clearly no ever-present terror. It is surely preventive work of the highest kind.

A few months ago Commissioner Woods was married. Representatives of all branches of the police turned out to do him honor. Even a delegation of junior policemen—a company of boys who represent the extension of the Boy Scout movement to the police department—attended the weddin...

The leader of these boys, after pre... ing the bride with flowers, ... a carefully prepared speech ... however, proved too much. The young man stammered and coughed—evidently afflicted with a bad case of aphasia. Falling back upon his favorite Jewish vernacular, he finally burst out:

"We wish you success, sir, in your new business."

Marriage by Capture

By SOPHIE KERR

Illustration by E. L. Crumpton

"Hey, Bart—I do I do like you, and Mary Emily

THE [illegible] Golf Club on the rather old ragtag Thos Thompson, with whom he [illegible] had developed bats. [illegible] first, every one was [illegible] left our Wallie [illegible] Thos. when he opened [illegible] old shapeless soup-bowl of a thing that he had bought in Wilkesgrove and treasured like a pearl, and called it [illegible] black rage in his heart. He got down on his hands and knees and [illegible] the mass of stuff lying in the floor of the locker.

It was rather dark down [illegible] the pillars like [illegible] Thos. [illegible] just what every other human being would do under the [illegible] enjoyed perfectly still. And then he [illegible]

And I said, very frankly, I thought Mr. Lloyd was a nice young man, and of course Mary Emily is not a bad sort, but I never could go to all that trouble to marry off a daughter [illegible]

Mrs. Andrews wheezed as she talked. She was stout, and she had played eighteen holes that afternoon.

"Well, with all the things girls can do [illegible]" said Mrs. Harrington, in a [illegible] tone, "I think mothers needn't worry themselves sick when their girls don't marry. I suppose [illegible] take up suffrage."

Of course [illegible] Mr. Harrington. "I have only five [illegible] assembled a few times, and every [illegible] really so it is none of [illegible] before. But I wish [illegible] would not say to Mr Lloyd that [illegible] a marriage by capture. He had [illegible] so much with Mary Emily [illegible] the [illegible] he has [illegible] of [illegible] meal."

Bart Lloyd [illegible] to have a rousing footstomp in a welter of helpless anger. He [illegible] people [illegible] And that was why Mary Emily [illegible] smiled on him at all the parties and [illegible] to the hostess. A pretty mess [illegible] it! And old Mrs. Sammis with her [illegible] two-by-twenty ways he beheld them to be now, and he shuddered.

HE forgot about his golf and threw the stuff back in the locker in a hopeless hodge-podge. He looked the door with a vicious thrust of his [illegible] and remained—oh, bitterly resentful—but if the whole Sammis set in Greenfields were determined to marry him off to Mary Emily he had small chance of [illegible]

Ever since he had come to Greenfields ensconced by his Uncle Henry from [illegible] position of Leland Stanford to go to work in Uncle Henry's successful Sash and Blind Company, he had been an inmate of the Sammis family. He hadn't suspected, poor innocent that he was, that Sammis hospitality was only a sort of matrimonial spider-web, luring young men into it by means of dancing and Sunday night suppers and [illegible]

And he had thought Mary Emily such a splendid sort of girl. So safe. Mary Emily was cheery and even-tempered, with pink and white skin and even teeth, and a fine sense of humour. And she got [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] on her face. In short, she was [illegible]

[illegible] Mary Emily's [illegible]

"Come on and be tent devilish—try a vichy and no crumble with two straws!"

"Thanks—no," said Bart in haste. "Excuse me. I'm—I'm nearly blind with a headache. Tom."

Tom [illegible] admonished the other. "Don't you want me to run you in town? I've got my roadster here—or say, I know [illegible] I'll go and [illegible] rooms and lie down, and I'll get some medicine for you. Oh, mother," he called raising his voice, "come over here a minute. Bart's got a three headache. Don't you think he'd better go up and lie down a little and let me get him some headache dope?"

Mrs. Sammis approached.

"Why, of course," she said in her most motherly solicitous voice. "And I tell you what we'll do, Tom: you run go home with me in the big car, and we'll leave Mary Emily here to bring Bart [illegible]

Bart looked wildly about him.

"I'll feel better presently," he protested. "Please—please don't bother about me. I can go in on the trolley."

"Nonsense," responded Mrs. Sammis briskly. "You go right [illegible] with him, Tom: he does look ill, poor fellow."

IT [illegible] Bart presently found himself tucked up in one of the most comfortable of the club bedrooms, with a [illegible] administered by a kind and brotherly—oh, how brotherly—hand.

[illegible] Tom [illegible] drive his mother home in the big car was Bart Lloyd given a chance for solitary meditation on the progress he had made in thwarting the matrimonial plots of Mrs. Sammis. It had been, he was forced to concede, progress backward and it would only be further retrogression when he had achieved [illegible] drive back [illegible] Mary Emily.

Bart Lloyd [illegible] on the pillow and groaned—partly [illegible] anguish and partly because of the medicine Tom had poured into him. Could it be that only an hour before he had been a competently happy young man, with no troubles save that he had lost his Scotch golf cap and Thompson had not turned up to go round with him? How far away that happy time seemed now!

He rose from his bed and put on the clothing that Tommy had indeed on his [illegible] He felt better when he was dressed. He [illegible] people and took therefrom a bit of paper and a pencil and [illegible] the profession of the South and Pacific Company, prepared to grapple with the situation in hand.

[illegible] ruble thought he wrote.

[illegible] speak to Mary Emily again. I believe if she [illegible] me to [illegible] right.

Never go to the Sammis house again if I get left out of every blessed thing going. I did.

Tell Mrs. Andrews that I am already [illegible] and that I never [illegible] people know about [illegible] another one she'd have a fit.

[illegible] known that there is trouble in the [illegible] No use [illegible] some one and probably [illegible]

"Oh, bunkhead—why don't I just give it out that I am engaged to somebody far away from here?"

Now that [illegible] a feasible plan, less desperate, and requiring less elaborate fabrication than the others. He got up, [illegible] and [illegible] while eyeing himself with approbation in the mirror. He saw a well-set-up young chap of twenty-six, with a set of fairly desirable features.

"I think," said Bart aloud, turning away from his reflection, "I'd better be engaged to a blonde—a brown-eyed blonde. I always did like brown-eyed blondes. Mary Emily's eyes are gray,

I drink. I'll say again, my dears, on my [illegible] eyes. That might be a [illegible] gin to break to Mary [illegible] I hope she won't really mind. I dare say not. Any one [illegible] Mary Emily I never saw. That a one of [illegible] be a dreadful shock to her and possibly

[illegible] in dowdyishness.
[illegible] me. He first people he met were tripping-looking girl in the candlelight and why she'd ever choked out a duo li

he thought. She chaffed him now and then, pretty

merry Dolphin's music this after- After dinner Mary Emily said she

much of promise that she's "Hinge music," he said, "and handsome

[illegible] with us for if friends. Rogers and Juliet stuff—what?"

Thurnside regretted him more with warm my best wishes," said Mary Emily

the [illegible]." dignantly after the departing roadster

been from the brink of a precipice in the radiance of the rising moon, whether in

T[illegible] in on the wide

he could look out over the green links to as this—that he I became engaged

A late [illegible] was do. He cleared his throat

got something I want to tell you."

a charming voice, accompanied by a who e chance to tell Mary Emily that h couldn't be hers, for Mary Emily ex-

M, nearly upon "Oh, my head's all right," he answered

[illegible] ck to town. and her family's [illegible], or else she got to w it

"If you feel up to it [illegible] you too much of an invalid?"

Heavens, the [illegible] already quarre[illegible] e he produced the story of being stran gagged he better for him. Let's see, she was to be a blonde with brown eyes. He

I'll have to change them."

[illegible] mournfully

[illegible]-minded yawning afore him. What did you have this brought on this headache, Burt?"

[illegible]

[illegible]y nice girl, even though she wasn't the one he wanted to be Mrs. Burt Lloyd,

IF he had really known what was running in Mary Emily Summis' mind, he would have been even more startled than he had been by Mrs. Andrews' over-[illegible] Emily Summis was a sweet and sensible girl, and a

ful experiences with too unreasonable

than one young man who afterward bitterly accused her of leading him on. Consequently the next morning she

helplessly "I'm so sorry, Mary Emily," she said. I

How to Remove Stomach Disorders Without Medicine

N[illegible] condition resulting in fermentation or constipation.

An acid stomach is mild compared [illegible] usually regarded

return in ever-increasing amounts if medicines are

There is only one way to overcome stomach that is to remove the cause by changing our viands

Very few people have any knowledge of what [illegible] place in their stomachs. Not only are we

proper food combinations.

have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from

explode, liberating dangerous poisons which are

Correct Eating involves, first, the proper selec-

Another case which interested me greatly was

When he first consulted Eugene Christian he was

[illegible] a total [illegible] made exhaustion [illegible] work impossible

a gradual increase in weight, and at the end of

trons having disappeared, he wrote that he was

[illegible] prepared on Corrective Eating. These [illegible] are being sent as quickly as possible to all who request them for free examina

of bodily health

[illegible] every

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you

new from infancy to old age, for all occupations.

Menus for stomach acidity, fermentation

woman, young or old—well or sick—should know the laws of Corrective Eating. For there is great deal of truth in the old adage that "Most

form of personal efficiency which often puts men head and shoulders above their brother-workers. For every one knows that the best ideas, plans, and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality, when you feel full of "ginger." The

If you would like to see the "14 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective [illegible] any money with your request. Merely write

been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, un- [illegible] regular. He had gradually declined for two years, although treated by one of New York's

the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago. He has gained about twenty-five pounds in

writing a letter. It is a copy of [illegible]

Name

Address

and I don't want to hurt him. Of course, I don't believe he'd behave the way Sam Raines did—getting down on his knees and crying all over the parlor rugs. It was awful, such an awfully good suit that I don't want him to think you knew—even for an instant—that I've encouraged him. I really like him very much. It's a silly old-fashioned word, but naturally I esteem him."

Mrs. Sammis smiled.

"I can see," she said, "but Bart's case is hopeless if you esteem him. The word is fatal to any warmer feeling. But now the thing is, what are we going to do about it? We can't stop having him here all at once, you know."

"No," said Mary Emily. "Because people would think he'd done something or other horrid, and he'd never be asked anywhere."

"I always feel so safe [illegible] you're with him."

"Dear me—what a trouble it is to [illegible] speak disrespectfully to your youngest child, said Mary Emily sternly.

"No properly brought up mother does it. But—to go back to Bart—as you say we can't drop him all at once—and we rather like going to the Hardmans' black-and-white dance with him next Friday—and I don't get out of it now. Oh, I'll tell you what, mother. Here's a scheme: next time he comes you might hint [illegible] engaged to some one. Let's see—an Australian—some one I met when I was at Vassar. And then Bart will just shoot off naturally and probably gravitate to Lily Francis, who's simply crazy about him anyway and—"

"Boy Mary Emily," broke in Mrs. Sammis, "I can't possibly be a party to any such deception. I'd [illegible]

[illegible] mighty [illegible] you just mind. I will not have [illegible] Bart Lloyd coming about and proposing to me."

WITH considerable more argument and some coaching on details Mrs. Sammis reluctantly consented to do her part. But as Mary Emily rose to leave the room, her aunt called her back.

"What makes you think that Bart is in consideration to [illegible]"

"The way he acted last night," said Mary Emily. "He went on a lot like himself. He kept looking at me in such a queer way, and he was so terribly so when Billy Thompson chaffed us and made us [illegible] ordering the coquettes [illegible]

It struck him like another blow that he was bound to escort Mary Emily to the Hardmans' dance, and, though he sought feverishly for a chance to get away [illegible] peters. He [illegible] sure he would steer clear of [illegible] house as if it harbored an [illegible]

Uncle Henry by a chance [illegible] increased the dreariness of [illegible] He looked into his [illegible] and grinning a smile that Bart could only emulate [illegible] a sayer's

"Going round [illegible] the [illegible]

Better [illegible]

Bart. Mary E[illegible]lly is a good-looking girl and these beaus that hang on too long sooner or later get left."

And he went off, chuckling at his gentle wit, while Bart muttered a violent "Old senile idiot!" under his breath. Let the violence of his feeling excuse the relative [illegible] of his language.

[illegible] away from the Sammis house religiously until Friday night, though it was really very hard to do so, and half a dozen times a day he found himself starting to obey an impulse to call up Mary Emily and ask if he couldn't come round, or if she wouldn't go to [illegible] a spin in his car—which [illegible] from the repair shop and was tuned to racing pitch. Then he would remember [illegible]

The Hardmans and the biggest house in town, and the black-and-white dance [illegible] she came down on him hastily before he had a chance to escape.

"Oh, Bart!" she exclaimed. "My dear boy, you're the very one I want to see."

affectionate words ruined all of Bart's worst fears. He looked [illegible] nervously for aid—but none was forthcoming. He couldn't hurdle over Mrs. Sammis and run for cover. No, he must stay and listen. He had not the slightest [illegible] of what she was about to [illegible] he was going to ask him what [illegible] tions toward Mary Em[illegible]

He knew it. He felt it in every fiber of his shrinking being. Mrs. Sammis did not notice his evident agitation. She sat down beside him.

"You know, of course," she began, "that I'm almost as fond of you as of any own boys, Bart."

"That—that's very good of you," he stammered miserably.

"You've been at our house so much, you've really come to seem like one of the [illegible] really quite [illegible] of the little settee on which they were sitting. He could not reply.

"It's no use, Mary [illegible] the conscientious Mrs. Sammis. "She's very tender-hearted, you know. She can't bear suffering. She doesn't want to hurt you."

Bart's eyes rolled about, but he could not speak, though he wet his lips and tried. Words refused to come.

"You mustn't misunderstand me," went on Mrs. Sammis, regarding [illegible] ap idea they had [illegible] from the The guests were to wear black-and- white, and fancy dress was requested. You can figure to yourself how many Pierrots and Pierrettes, ladies of the [illegible] Quinze, to say nothing of ballet [illegible] masked monks, would be [illegible] taking the [illegible] last precaution a Pierrot continue needed to get more feeling much if a fool than he looked.

As for Mary Emily, she [illegible] quite original turn of mind [illegible] Bart, had elected to go as a magpie—an up-to-date [illegible] a short frock of gauzy [illegible]

Mary Emily [illegible] told me [illegible] for I was going [illegible] And we came home at forty miles [illegible] oh, dear, why are men so [illegible] really fond of Bart. But marry him—never! Why he was scared to death last night just trying to propose."

"You want a rave-man, I suppose," said Mrs. Sammis. "They don't often [illegible] change, my dear."

"[illegible] or don't be cynical," said Mary Emily. "It doesn't go with your figure. Anyway I'd rather have a [illegible] woman than a [illegible] rabbit."

"Marriage by rapture," said Mrs. Sammis unconsciously using the very words that had struck sur[illegible] horror to Bart Lloyd's unsuspecting [illegible]

"Something of the kind, [illegible] Emily, looking as affectionate [illegible] [illegible] she [illegible] from at her mother a [illegible]

A YOUNG man stood beside a desk in J. P. Morgan's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] years," said J. P. Next week Mr. Atwood tells this story much better than we can in the most [illegible] interesting anecdote of high finance—in an article called "Morgan's Men."

"I only want to do what is [illegible] I didn't want to [illegible] speak to you a minute then. But—but—since you seemed to be with Mary Emily so much. She paused, she didn't find [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] beheld a merry [illegible] dragged a [illegible] bloomers and hollowered [illegible] of [illegible] rolled over him. He almost smiles. [illegible] gardless he would wear no his butt-inskin [illegible]

BUT Mrs. Sammis's voice, still going on, woke him gradually from this terrible [illegible] "I'm only right [illegible] but you should [illegible] Emily is engaged [illegible] fine—young man a New [illegible] and Bart in a wild voice [illegible] to Mrs. Sammis interrupted the deadly her affirmation had given him. Mary Emily *engaged?*"

"[illegible] and poor Mrs. Sammis. I thought it best you should know. Oh, my gracious, there is Mr. Sammis looking for me—and do forgive me, didn't want to hurt you—and I'm very very fond [illegible] her fan and scarf and hurried [illegible]

Once more Bart Lloyd fell back on the cushions of the little settee. He experienced all the feelings of a man who, [illegible] ing pistol [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] began to rise—to rise and afterward. And then suddenly they subsided a bit.

Who was this fellow who was going to Mary Emily? One of those stuck-up [illegible] ya'd chaps, presumably, who probably [illegible] and had a little foolish waxed mustache. Bart felt a sudden fierce dislike of this man. Mary Emily was far far too nice a girl to be wasted on a type like that—all [illegible] stage-door Johnny who very likely drank afternoon tea and read poetry—maybe even wrote it. He must know—he must know at once.

Quite without his own volition, Bart picked himself up from that settee and went to seek Mary Emily. He found her [illegible] cutting merrily with one of his best [illegible] Bart reached on a long arm as [illegible] how went by and disengaged her [illegible] Come along, Frank," he said to her partner. "I want Mary Emily."

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The Blue Aura *Continued from page 10*

How she longed to st... her lover w... [illegible] to make [illegible]

[illegible] truth about himself.

So she told most of the truth, giving him as much glamour as she thought he could stand, and dwelling heavily on the fact that he was extremely ha...

[illegible]

"Then," said Bet... "... love at all."

Dora was crestfallen ... love; how could she tel...?

[illegible]

Dora said ready fully ... [illegible] bring. Dora could ... care of ... harpe ... Betty.

It was a curious feature of their friendship that whichever one of the two ... tried to ... was Dora, she was more ... set upon ... the other who rather ...

[illegible]

... Dora could ... herself. We ... do ... can, up to ...

[illegible]

..." Ivy explained ... her big features had a wistful expression ... looks things sometimes that ...

[illegible]

... said she was foolish, she ...

[illegible]

Dora had told them very lit... [illegible] would have ...

[illegible] Tyson again ... make ...

She went into a cheap shop off Shaftesbury Avenue and bought a pair of white ... for her hair ... would ... slippers ... sundry expenses.

... the sovereign had shrunk ... She was appalled to find ... four shillings left. But her room was paid for, and food was ... important except when she was ...

With these aspiring purchases she returned to her lodgings. Up the stairs she went singing, the spring in her veins, joy ... her heart. Mrs. Petroski met and ...

... is a beautiful day.

... indeed, yes," responded ... Tyson, he was a gentleman to see. He would like you to come at five o' ...

[illegible]

... him she would come to his tea-party. But after all, ... was enough that he had invited her. ... It was getting on ... half past three ... ready ... rising under her breath.

What had brought joy into her life suddenly? Was it merely the love she had confessed to her friends, or was it ... less romantic: Tyson's gift of the golden sovereign?

Presently she ...

[illegible]

Dora had no watch. She ... from the clock in the Midlands, which she ...

... herself in a ... gathered up her work-basket with some silk stockings she was ... Still he ... As she went ... and a bit ...

TYSON ...

He was pretending, she was ... hair fell negligently over his forehead ... his ... hed ... Tyson ...

... were the baggy ... of yesterday ... but the same ... apparently the same w...

It was a large room, the best in Mrs. Petroski's house, and the furniture was the exception of a heavy table ... been ... against the wall leaving ... of faded Brussels carpet ... piece of ...

... were also a ... grey-white ...

[illegible] ... somewhat ... ... three ... ... crook of his arm. His ... small and ... and soft ... young man ... he said ... a safe ... go over this trick ag... ... brings up ... Tyson came ...

[illegible]

... bend between them.

Holding the ladder he screwed up his eyes and blinked, just like a monk. She could fancy what a mirth ... object he would be with very ...

[illegible]

... danger, and ... name and ...

[illegible]

... and raised it aloft with ... at the top.

It was a mighty feat of strength. Tyson held the ladder high over his head while Tyson began ... all fours from end ... awakened to a sense ... he was more or less safe.

The muscles on the younger man ... stood up like cords; his bare arms ... bled under the threatening weight ... how strong he was!

Dora's lips went white; she leaned forward, was clung her tensely, her soul in her eyes.

He met her glance, and for a second

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his massive arm wavered, but stiffened an iy again of a gut unti from his shoulder

was a fight dud as Turco floor and it was over

The dead rested cock-a-doo-dum a lips, coloring them profusely d curiously non-cal. slip. He mas when her eye

was surprised to Turco was

tension, answering with the res as to the strike

other side. There was unanimity. Their ork was over for the day.

I

ack she sat h n and warm

Dora was a perfect weight in her sto- arms. He teased and fulminated her al a marvelous sense of true buff a

r queen, watching her movements with his

banned to be restless

Her dance is little man had wrong

sh mind. I e knows

ernalized with a tender smile

Dora drew herself away and shook out e mane of sunny hair

"You shouldn't have kissed me," she non sh

"But I kissed you last night and the night before," said e young man, in a tone of hurt

shocked Dora

What would Turco him

given her

Dora

with a tensing millectum

she cried.

Why can't ve speak the truth? You re a lowe with a bantering smile

there before her

sweet ready? We've had because I know

Turco turned his head to ir eyelids, as if watching them had an opaque pitiable fascination for him

foot. She felt that she was being made to look all

e go—don't talk to me! I am so furious."

"It s is beautiful: an cozy and quiver- ing with pure love! And here! How hideous it is. It tacks the whole room with its flame- ing tongues of hate- black and seeded. God help her, but she is hideous! God pity her she is so h deous!

Dora looked at Turco

"Wha does he mean?" she whispered ne ning

Turco looked uncomfortable

he mean me? Am I black with of hate? Oh" And sh

"Yes," she whispered tremulously. o love you. It was p or when u hated you. Only with him there

"But Turco knows he knows every ling

Al he sure— I don t want him to

ge" Tyson ea in ugh

DORA was going to be married on a Saturday morning—the last day of unlucky month for Teddie Tyson though

happiness a e carry off d her As for Ty confessed most of the

of he gauzier gift of second sight was al- n dream A few da another

ing a letter signed e said that he cla boy heard with

and begged to send the ordered as a small token of his interest Mr Mayfield hoped dia, she would be very happy

Dora hated the thought of Mr yfield To Turco she perplexity and the twenty-pound note. She and Turco had become great friends. Sh bought

Turco seriously It about in his fingers, and wrinkling his brown, as if he were as perplexed as she.

"You need some money," he said finally "You want new dresses and a pretty white

veil. I couldn't bear to see you anything but beautiful and happy on your wedding-day. But why won't you let me give it to you?"

"Oh, Turco, I can't! You've been so kind already. And Ted wouldn't like it."

"So he would," mused Turco. "Then why not keep this and buy yourself pretty things with it? Whatever gives one innocent joy is good—must be good."

Dora kept the money. She kept it long enough to spend it, as Turco advised.

Instead of practising so much now, she sewed on her wedding dress, and Betty and Ivy came to help her.

A sewing-machine was hired; paper patterns were bought. Betty and Ivy made their own bridesmaids' frocks. The little room at the top of Mrs. Petrosini's house overflowed with the litter of silks and muslins they produced.

Dora's fellow workers at the theater looked for invitations to the wedding. Some of them gave Dora presents, and these she was in honor bound to invite. But Betty and Ivy surrounded her jealously. It was they who conducted the sewing bees, who were on intimate terms with the lovers, and best of all with Mr. Turco, the man who told fortunes.

THERE came the last night that Dora would be with them. The manager—who had been pleasantly relieved when Dora handed in her notice—gave her a present. It was a scarlet leather hand-bag, lined with white silk, fitted with puff, mirror, and purse. The consumptive-looking girl of dubious prosperity, whom Dora had consistently snubbed, sent an ivory manicure set in a green velvet case. In a burst of tenderness toward all humanity, Dora, at the eleventh hour, also invited her to the wedding.

The stage-hands clubbed together and gave her a silver mustard-pot; the door-keeper jokingly wished her "many happy returns"; and the low comedian, who heard of the impending event for the first time, sent out for a magnum of champagne in which the ballet should drink her health after the show was over.

Dora was moved and considerably touched by all this kindness. On the stage, when she ought to have been smiling in the accepted ballerina fashion, a sudden access of emotion caused tears to trickle down her cheeks.

Perhaps there was only one person in the crowded house who actually saw the tears. When the performance was over he strolled around to the back to discover, if possible, who she was.

The manager knew him. In his way, he was a man of some importance. He stood in the wings, smoking a cigarette, talking to the manager, his real errand unexplained, while twenty girls divided the comedian's magnum between them and wished Dora good luck.

"That kid's going to be married to-morrow—and a good thing, too," said the manager. "I'll be glad to see the last of her."

The man of some importance made a few casual inquiries. He liked the look of Dora. He learned that St. Giles-in-the-Fields would be the scene of the wedding, and that the manager had instructed the stage-manager to exact full disciplinary measures at to-morrow's matinée.

"She's a ring-leader," he added, "and a perfect little pest."

The man of some importance puffed at his cigarette and regarded Dora thoughtfully. She was aware of his interest. In her short white skirts and garlands of pink rosebuds, she looked charming.

She drank her own health, pirouetted on her toes, inclined her head, smiled wickedly, the center of an admiring throng of girls.

"Lights out!" called a bored electrician, suiting action to his words.

Giggling, pushing each other, the twenty hurried into the gangway like fluffy sheep, but with considerably more grace. Only a dull here and there relieved the gloom.

"Lights out," repeated the manager under his breath; then, more audibly: "Were you by any chance going to invite me to supper, Harland?"

"Exactly what was in my mind," replied the other.

In the dewy freshness of dawn, Dora awoke on her wedding morning. Even in crowded Soho there was the charm of the dawn. Belated market carts, piled high with vegetables smelling strongly of the earth, rumbled past on their way to Covent Garden. The sparrows twittered almost like country birds.

Dora leaned out of her window, and chuckled softly when she saw a sleep-rumpled head poked out of the window below. Tyson was smoking a cigarette. It was exciting to think that he couldn't sleep, either.

Dora tiptoed back into the room and soaked her sponge with cold water. Then, leaning out once more, she let him have it. There was a spluttering exclamation, the cigarette was drowned, the water ran over his hair and down the back of his neck. Dora retired with swift discretion.

Tyson was not only going to be married and to set forth on his scant two days' honeymoon, but between the events he had his professional duties. It would be a crowded day.

As for Dora, she was free to enjoy herself without thought of work. And this morning she was not in the least sentimental about leaving the theater.

Before dressing, she smoothed out the bed covers and arranged her glistening wedding finery. There was the gown itself, of silk and muslin and much imitation lace—the splendid joint creation of the three ardent seamstresses. There was the tulle veil in its prim folds, and the wreath of artificial orange blossoms, stiff, waxy, and smelling of the paint on the unnaturally green leaves. There were the soft white kid tango slippers with their long ribbons, and the pristine stockings of artificial silk. The lingerie was threaded with blue for luck. Dora's bag was already packed for the week-end, and her traveling costume hung in the wardrobe. The twenty pounds had gone far.

The bridal bouquet arrived at an early hour. Then Turco came and brought a wonderful scarlet cape—his offering.

Dora and Teddie met on the stairs, where they sat for an ecstatic moment with clasped hands and told each other how happy they were. Gay, glad voices from below sent them scampering to their separate rooms. The bridesmaids had arrived.

They brought their finery in suit-cases; for they were not only to dress the bride, but to dress with her.

Laughing and chattering, they hauled the cases up the narrow stairs, banging at the bridegroom's door as they passed.

They opened the suit-cases, and soon the pale blue of the bridesmaids' frocks mingled with the white of the bride's garments. The room was scarcely big enough to hold all three of them, and they got in one another's way. Little things sent them into shrieks of laughter. Dora put on one of her stockings inside out, and had to leave it, because it would have been bad luck to change. That made them laugh.

FROM below, where the best man was giving assistance to the bridegroom, came poundings on the ceiling in response to their mirth. They pounded back. Turco was reported by Dora to be in possession of a clean collar and a new neck-tie—the latter a marvel of sea-green sprinkled with red polka-dots.

For the twentieth time, Mrs. Petrosini panted up the stairs. It was impossible for her to keep long away from the scene of activity. But this time she had a perfectly genuine errand.

"Lady for you, miss," she said to Dora. "She waits in my *salotto*. I tell her you are dressing to be married. She says she knows about—she will wait."

Some of Dora's happiness was chilled. Betty and Ivy were looking to her for explanations, and Mrs. Petrosini, like the lady downstairs, was waiting.

"I'll come at once," she said nervously, "as soon as my veil is fixed."

Mrs. Petrosini puffed off and began the descent.

"Who is it?" asked Betty and Ivy in a breath.

"My mother, I think," Dora said.

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There was something in the manner of her reply that kept them from asking the further questions they would have liked to ask.

She had put off telling them her mother was coming, hoping that at the last moment Edith Trelawny would change her mind, or that the strict mistress would interfere. But no, she had come; she was the one blot on the perfect day.

EDITH TRELAWNY, clad in neat navy blue serge, with a festive white hat wreathed in roses and a pair of white gloves she had "borrowed" from her mistress, sat at ease in Mrs. Petrosini's one comfortable chair. A certain primness about her rendered it difficult to believe that she was anybody's mother, least of all Dora Trelawny's.

She looked to be about thirty-six, which was the least she could have been; and from whomever Dora had taken fire and *dubbleire*, it was certainly not from her. She had sleek, mouse-colored hair; pale eyes set too near together; and thin, selfish-looking lips. A pair of rimless eye-glasses added to the prim effect of her. With her mouth relaxed and without the eye-glasses, she might have passed for pretty. In fact, it was easy to see that once she had been pretty.

Mrs. Petrosini had been quite impressed with her; but she had not been impressed with the Italian woman, nor with the *salotto*. Alone, she murmured the word "Quinos!" accompanied by a first-class sneer.

The expression still marred her countenance when the door opened and Dora, enveloped in filmy white, entered.

The two women kissed like the strangers they were.

"Well, you *are* a girl! This is a plane! Where is your piano? Whatever for did you go and get all that cheap lace? Let me look at you. Dear me, whatever for did you cut your hair short?"

"It was a rainy day and I didn't have anything else to do," snapped Dora.

"You've a tongue in your head, haven't you?" observed Edith surenastically.

"Where else would I have it?" asked Dora.

"That's a pretty way to talk to me, when I've come all the way from Hillsborough to see you married."

"I'm sorry, but you began on me like you always do—criticizing and finding fault. I—was—so—happy! And now—what's the matter with the lace, anyway? I thought it was pretty."

Dora's lips quivered.

Overhead the bridegroom was dancing a breakdown, and Turco's deep, sweetly melancholy voice could be heard calling to the bridesmaids.

Shadows passed before the windows. The two carriages had come—hired, it must be admitted, from a local undertaker, but none the less festive, for all that. The horses were wedding favors on their bridles, and the coachmen were also decorated. The whips had bows of white satin ribbon.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Edith Trelawny, in a tone of deep disparagement.

All the children in the neighborhood appeared as if by magic. Windows flew open, and dark-haired women leaned comfortably out, prepared to enjoy the spectacle. The waiters gathered in an interested group in the doorway of the Milano. The white cap of the chef gleamed against the bars of his underground prison.

"Mother—" Dora began awkwardly. "Mother—do you mind if I introduce you as Mrs. Trelawny? I told the girls—that is, I couldn't tell them—"

Her speech stumbled. Neither could she tell Edith.

The older woman flushed a painful, ugly crimson. Her haughty air of superiority deserted her for a moment.

"Of course; I don't mind in the least," she said hurriedly. "But who is to sign the register?"

"Mr. Turco, for one. He knows. And he's fixed it up with the verger to be the other witness," Dora replied. "I couldn't bear Betty and Ivy to know—and Turco understood that."

So, in the nick of time, Dora got a little of her own back, although no malice was in her mind. It was as she said—that she could not bear the girls to know. She had lied to them to set herself right with the world. It was no fault of hers that she had not been born honestly, nor so highly as she had pretended.

Some one knocked at the door, and then Dora forgot the shadows that threatened to cloud her happiness. The smiling, ugly face of Turco appeared. In addition to the clean collar and new necktie, he was wonderfully furbished up. His baggy trousers almost had creases, showing the will if not the actual accomplished deed. He wore a boutonnière of lilies-of-the-valley, grotesquely large, and a pair of white gloves. His boots were overlaid with a lustrous black polish, through which their original tan hue gleamed loftily.

Following him came the bridegroom, modishly correct in every detail, and as handsome as the heart of Dora could wish. How indeed was something to which her critical mother could not take exception.

If Edith was not impressed, at least she had the grace to keep it to herself. Perhaps Dora's request had thrown her off her balance and made her less sure of her own position.

In the hall Betty and Ivy, in their pale blue muslins, waited with interested, serious faces; and behind them was Mrs. Petrosini, with the angelic child clinging to her skirts.

Dora presented her parent hurriedly. "This is my mother," she said.

After all, she could not bring herself to say "Mrs. Trelawny." It was the last lie, and she could not tell it—principally because Turco was looking on. Once Turco had described to her the astral thought-form of a lie, and she did not care to give psychic birth to such a thing on her wedding-day.

The party filed out and got into the carriages. Turco and the bridesmaids occupied one; the bride, bridegroom, and Edith Trelawny followed in the other.

SO Dora drove off to her wedding.

As the coachmen flourished their bow-ribboned whips, and the black horses, missing the accustomed funereal plumes, tossed their heads lightly, the sun came out, thin and watery, as if tinged with the pale zest of lemons.

The children in the street raised a feeble cheer; the dark-haired women exchanged remarks and withdrew from their windows; the group of waiters dispersed; and the chef's cap disappeared from the underground grating.

To be continued next week

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The survey is accomplished by fast ski runners, who measure the density of the snow by weighing samples, and the depth by measurement. A close estimate of the amount of water that will come down in the spring is thus made, and water companies and farmers benefit accordingly.

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NUTS FOR BUTTONS

THE present prosperity of Esmeraldas, in South America, is entirely dependent on nuts which are as hard as bone, and as impossible to digest as a piece of chromium steel. These tagua-nuts are called ivory-nuts in America, and it is from them that most of the buttons we use are made. George Frederick Kunz, in his new book on *Ivory and the Elephant* (Doubleday, Page & Company), devotes a chapter to imitation ivory, of which a large proportion of the ivory articles in your possession is probably composed.

The ivory-nut, when shelled, looks like a Brazil nut, except that it is larger, and when it has been through the drying process at the button factory it looks like ivory and is just as hard. Large articles can not be made from the nuts, because they are too small; yet a million and a half dollars' worth of them was imported into the United States last year. Esmeraldas exported thirteen and a half million pounds of tagua-nuts.

Natives can earn about sixty dollars a season gathering ivory-nuts. They procure an outfit from the exporting company, and, thus equipped, with an ax, a machete, a gun, and ammunition, some lard and beans, with perhaps a little rice, they set forth for the year's work. The journey up the Peruvian, Colombian, or Ecuador river takes from three to six days. In the land of the tagua they build a palm shelter and gather the big husks.

Two men can collect about ten tons of nuts in the season, and these are transported to the port on a raft which is built on the spot from balsa wood. Balsa is from the cork tree—the lightest wood known.

Imitation ivory in larger pieces is made from rubber that has been treated with chloroform. After going through a long manufacturing process it comes out in slab form, and can then be worked in a lathe. Still another substitute is made from milk; but this has not been produced on a commercial scale. The chemists are still trying to find a very cheap imitation ivory that will serve all the purposes of the real material; because it is feared that the present wholesale slaughter of elephants will soon make ivory a curiosity instead of a commodity.

To distinguish vegetable ivory from the genuine material, allow the doubtful article to soak for fifteen minutes in a little concentrated sulphuric acid. If it is a product of the ivory-nut it will become rose-tinted. Real ivory is untouched by the acid. The tint can be washed off with water.

NO BOMBS IN THESE MOVIES

ADMISSION is free in the bomb-proof motion-picture theater which the Germans have erected behind their lines in France for soldiers. This photograph was brought over, uncensored by the British, in the cargo submarine *Deutschland*. It requires a large number of men to keep the theater going, because operators, janitors, and express messengers must be kept on the jump to keep the program varied.

The officers have found that the relaxation provided through the films is of inestimable value in maintaining the morale of the troops. The theater runs night and day with the latest comedies and dramas, interspersed with what news pictures can be obtained.

The German movie palace behind the lines in France is bomb-proof, and free to soldiers.

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